



*Yawp*  
*by*

*William J. Lampton*







# YAWPS

## AND OTHER THINGS

BY  
WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

"Merely a Yawpist yawping his simple yawp  
of things that are and not what they may  
seem."

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THIS book of Yawps is dedicated to the memory of the late Charles A. Dana, an editor who knew a good thing when he saw it,—and printed it.





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## P R E F A C E.

WHAT shall an author say in the preface to his first book? Possibly he would better commend his soul to its Maker and let come what might come. In this instance, he feels a shade easier in his mind, because many of these verses have already appeared in the columns of *The New York Sun*, a no mean critic itself, so that the worst is over. However, there is something more mysterious, more mystifying, more awesome, about a book than can possibly exist in the newspaper, and even now the Author makes his appearance with a consciousness that is embarrassingly uncomfortable, the result, though it be, of his assured knowledge that he is not the first author to have written a book, and that his book is not the greatest and best ever submitted to a discriminating public.

But the Author of these "Yawps," as he has called them, does claim for them a peculiarity of form and expression not common to conventional

versification, which may do for them in a book what it has already done for them in the newspapers. If a place for the Yawpist is made somewhere in the line that leads to Poet, the object of the book will have been accomplished, because only the good opinion of many readers can effect such a result—and many readers is the earnest prayer of every author, to which every publisher fervently responds—"Amen."

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK CITY.

## SOME INCONGRUIAL REMARKS.

I SHALL not undertake in a brief prefatory word like this to offer a formal presentation of my principal. Those who do not know him will do well to make his acquaintance.

Although an original, Mr. Lampton is not a first offender. There have been others. Yet in the new era of news in rhyme and versified wisdom, he came with the pioneers ; with Stanton and Hale, and the rest ; the successors of Prentice and Hatcher and Albert Roberts. Theirs was a nimble and a current wit. His is not less so—though he has amplified and modernized their art, bringing it, as the saying hath it, to “date.” It may not be the art of Michel Angelo or of Alfred Tennyson ; but Hood and Hook and Praed practiced it and Kipling had to learn it. Sometimes I have thought these men could do more even than they attempted. Hood actually did when he tried ; Kipling is young yet ; though Lampton, if he aims not high, misses never the mark ; and

that is a great matter. There are always smiles and often buttercups and daisies and sometimes tears in his lines. Very few poets can say as much for their more ambitious effusions.

How far he may be heralded hereafter as the founder of a school of poetry the fate of this book will tell. Since he has himself referred to the sweat of his typewriter, the added labors of his Mergenthaler must not be forgotten ; for your machine-made poetry, steel-clad from start to finish, requires a more extensive plant than was known to Shakespeare himself ; and it may be doubted whether if Ben Jonson were brought to life and required to furnish such verses to order after this pattern, he would not rub his eyes and ask to be led back to the cloisters. "From gay to grave, from lively to severe" is but a part of it ; nor indeed the greater part ; even when copper-bottomed it must be spontaneous ; when case-mated, inspired ; melodious, too, yet permeated by the rugged wisdom of the time, the common sense and parle, of the streets ; catching the forelock of that dizzy blonde, the rude humor of the town, as she threads her way betwixt the country house and the curb-stone, the breakfast table and the lunch-counter ; all things to all men, according to the injunction of St. Paul. The daily



journal has driven literature to the wall. Henceforth the poets must bloom in the morning paper or not at all. Mr. Lampton makes his hay whilst the sun shines, and, though these collected lays and rays be but moonbeams, canned moonbeams, so to say, yet like the sun that shines for all, they have not lost their illuminating power and will be hailed with right good will by thousands who will recognize them in their new dress as old friends.

your friend  
Henry Watkinson.

LOUISVILLE, September 15, 1900.



## BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

No POET, I  
Who sings about a sapphire sky,  
Or silver sanded streams,  
Or dim delicious dreams,  
Or birds,  
Or lowing herds,  
Or flowers fair  
Upon the fragrant air,  
Or hearts that throb,  
Or souls that sob,  
Or forty dozen other things  
Of which the poetry poet sings  
Out of his soulful sufferings,  
But merely a Yawpist  
Yawping his simple yawp  
Of things that are  
And not what they may seem  
To those poetic fancies that  
Seldom tumble  
To where the real thing is at.

A YAWPIST then  
Am I; and men  
And things, beneath the touch  
Of yawpery,  
Appear as such  
In rhyme or rhythm,  
Or having neither with 'em,  
And yet not less  
In natural fitting dress,  
Because the yawp  
Is nature's own expression.  
It says just what  
Pale poesy does not  
And in exactly the way  
That you would say  
It yourself, if you had  
Thought of it  
Soon enough.  
See?  
It rhythms  
When it rhythms,  
And it rhymes  
Sometimes,  
But whether it does  
Or not,  
It gets there  
Just the same,

Which is where the yawp  
Has got  
The bulge on a lot  
Of contemporaneous  
And other modern and ancient  
Literature.  
The poet may rear up and kick  
And say it makes him sick,  
But gee whiz,  
Is there a more powerful production  
Than the simple yawp is?



1900.

Hail, 1900,  
Let the bells ring out,  
And let the shout  
Of millions, undismayed,  
And not afraid  
Of the future by what  
The past has not,  
Been to them, or has been,  
Join in the merry din  
Of welcome to you. Let  
The world forget  
Its trials, and in the new time here,  
Feel only that good cheer  
Which comes to all  
If they will call  
It with the spirit of the strong  
Which moves mankind along  
The paths that rise  
Above the earth's low reaches to the skies.  
The past is dead :  
We go ahead

To newer, better things ;  
The poet sings  
A new song, and his strains  
Allure us to nobler gains ;  
To higher thought,  
Wrought  
Out of what we were.  
Therefore, 1900, be  
It resolved, that we—  
However, we've sworn off on resolutions.  
Listen to us, now, New Year ;  
Hear  
Us as we shout  
And let our spirits out :  
You see that flag there ?  
None so fair  
In all the world, and none so fit  
To wave in any part of it.  
And watch her wave, and spread  
Until the starry Red,  
White and Blue is all men's Flag,  
And every other rag  
Of Empire bows to it ; the free  
Man's Flag that was and is and will be ;  
And watch our trade  
Fill up the road the Flag has made,  
And keep it full ;



We need no pull  
But that  
To show the world where we are at;  
And watch us grow  
At home in all the things that go  
To make a State  
Imperial—meaning great  
And good and true ;  
That's the Red, White and Blue.  
And every one beneath it,  
Great and small,  
Will answer to the call  
The greater makes upon him, and you'll see  
The kind of men all men should be.  
Out of its tears and its sorrows  
Into its glad to-morrows ;  
Out of its wars and its strife  
Into its peaceful life ;  
Out of its gloom and its shadows  
Into its ever-green meadows ;  
Out of its clouds and its gray  
Into its better way.  
Oh, say,  
1900, you ought to stay over  
A year or two and see  
The kind of a country and people  
Our country and people will be.

You can't? No?  
Do you have to go?  
What a pity! Yet  
We shall not forget  
The start you will give us.  
And we cannot fail.  
So hail, 1900!  
All hail! All hail!

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S  
ADDRESS TO HIS COUN-  
TRY IN 1900.

Say, Eagle,  
Ain't we great?  
Ain't we really immense?  
Ain't we the greatest  
That ever happened?  
From your lofty perch on  
The palladium of our liberties  
Sweep your piercing eye around  
The wide horizon and see for yourself.  
There is nothing like us  
On earth.  
And we are getting more different  
Every minute.  
By Jiminy Christmas,  
I had no idea when I started in  
With this country  
Where we were coming out.  
Why, you havn't more than

Got out of your shell,  
And now your wings  
Spread from the clustered Antilles  
To the splendors of the Orient ;  
And when you scream,  
The echoes hurtle round the world,  
And principalities and powers  
And decaying dynasties  
Take to the tall timber.  
And the Flag ;  
The glittering and glorious  
Star-Spangled Banner,  
Which Europe thought was merely  
A dishrag,  
When I first swung it to the breeze,  
Is now the  
Blooming bunting of a boundless bailiwick.  
And the Fourth of July ?  
Well, say, Eagle,  
It's going to be the  
Birthday of half a world,  
Of which I am Father of the best part,  
And stepfather of the balance.  
You can roost on the ridge pole  
Of the Greater Republic  
And scream a lung out,  
But it won't be so much as a murmur

To the way I feel,  
This very minute ;  
And handicapped as I must be  
Under the circumstances,  
I'm with you in spirit, Old Baldy,  
And every time you flap your wings  
And scream,  
I burst a button off.  
That's the kind of an expansionist I am,  
And if you will put  
A Star-Spangled girdle  
Round the world,  
I'll tie a knot in it  
That will stay tied,  
And don't you forget it.  
Go on with your spread, Oh Eagle,  
And Star-Spangled Banner fly high ;  
I'm with you forever, and wish you  
A perpetual Fourth of July.

## JANUARY EIGHTH, 1889.

There were lots of celebrations  
In the West and in the East ;  
There were viands and libations  
For the largest and the least ;  
There were speeches, speeches, speeches ;  
The torrent would not dam,  
When it turned upon the hero  
Who punched old Pakenham.

They gloried in the glory  
Of a glorious past, and told,  
In hyperbolic story,  
Of the wondrous deeds of old ;  
They pointed to the future,  
And saw on Vict'ry's brow  
A limb of lustrous laurel,  
They cannot see there now.

At the time of all this blowing,  
'Way down in Tennessee  
A grim, gray ghost was showing  
Some signs of energy ;

He sighed deep in his bosom,  
And now and then would cuss,  
The meanwhile turning over  
In his sarcophagus.

He sat up, and intently,  
With hand up to his ear,  
He nodded, not quite gently,  
At most that he could hear.  
He listened to the buncombe,  
And thought of recent facts,  
Whereby his party'd got it  
Where chickens get the axe.

He knew the wretched story,  
Which had disturbed him there :  
A triumph, transitory,  
Disaster and despair.  
Then hearing still the speaking,  
He shook his bony head,  
And groaned: "By the Eternal,  
I'm glad that I am dead!"

## THOMAS B. REED IN ROME.

Behold me as I stand,  
Where Rome has stood  
For twice a thousand years  
And more !  
Behold us both :  
Me and Rome !  
And then, dear friends,  
Please give your eyes a rest.  
Rome has her history,  
And I have mine ;  
But Rome, although she sat  
Upon her seven hills  
And ruled the world,  
Never sat in the Speaker's chair  
Of the Fifty-first Congress  
And bossed that  
Megatherian aggregation  
As I did,  
And that is where I've got  
The bulge on Rome !



Here in old Cæsar's district  
I sit me down, and with my feet  
Upon his ancient mantlepiece  
I feel at home.  
Me and Cæsar !  
Twin stars that twinkle through all time !  
Two iron heels that trod as one  
Upon the people's necks,  
And then we got it in our own !  
By gosh ! dear friends, I don't like that  
A little bit,  
And Cæsar didn't either,  
Although he didn't have a  
Word to say after it was over,  
For obvious reasons !  
But Brutus wasn't a patching  
To Springer of Illinois,  
Or Rogers of Arkansas ;  
And Cæsar has something  
To be thankful for !  
I'm with you Rome,  
From the Passamaquoddy's  
Tumbling tide of saw logs  
To where the tawny Tiber flows,  
And we should organize  
A Reed and Roman Trust,  
And swipe the universe !

Are there objections ?  
I hear none.  
The ayes seem to have it ;  
The ayes have it !  
Then let her go, Gallagher !  
But I shall never think  
That in that elder day  
To be a Roman  
Was greater than to be Speaker  
Of the grand old Fifty-first,  
And don't you forget it !  
That's what !

OWED TO THE  
GROUND HOG.

Oh Ground Hog,  
In your hours of ease,  
Uncertain,  
Coy and hard to please,  
Why give us nasty days like these?  
Why,  
If your shadow in the sun  
Is something  
That will make you run,  
Are you obliged to have it done?  
But, Ground Hog,  
Please remember that  
This year the sun  
Was nowhere at  
The shadow point,  
And you're a flat  
Prevaricator;  
One who lies  
Without the hope of purse

Or prize;  
A fraud upon the cold, gray skies,  
Upon whose sunlessness  
You place  
A promise to the human race,  
That for, at least,  
A six weeks' space  
We'll have good weather.  
Now if you  
Could find much worse  
In skies of blue,  
Why are you not  
To that kind true?  
Git, Ground Hog,  
Git,  
Lest you inspire  
Mankind to rise  
In wrath,  
And fire  
You as a  
Meteor-illogical liar!!

## PIE.

“The consumption of pie is on the increase.”—From *The Sun's*  
Report of the New York Pie Market.

Oh Pie,  
Oh unassuming, shy  
And simple solace to our woes,  
This shows  
That you have come to stay.  
And, say !  
Don't ever, ever, ever go away.  
What odds if some  
Assert that you are bum,  
A breeder of dyspepsia, and  
One-half the ills of all the land.  
They lie  
Oh Pie,  
For you're a peach—  
Sometimes; and speech  
Falls flat in telling what  
You are as mince, served piping hot, or  
Sometimes cold.

And would Thanksgiving be  
Thanksgiving half, if we  
Had not you there,  
So fat and filling, and so fair?  
If there were nothing else but you,  
There would be thanks enough in that for two!  
And think of you in apple form,  
And lemon, too,  
White capp'd with fluff;  
And cocoanut, and sweet cream puff;  
And huckleberry, deeply, beautifully blue,  
The time-tried color of the true;  
And pumpkin, or sweet potato, with a sauce  
Of spice and sherry that is boss;  
And custard, dream of poet's pen,  
Materialized from cow and hen;  
And myriad other kinds.  
Why,  
Pie,  
Of all the great bonanza finds  
Of culinary searching, you  
Are first and foremost. Who  
Will dare deny  
The potency and permanence  
The plenitude and pleasantness,  
The popularity of pie?  
Oh mystery and magic, we

Delight to stick our face in thee  
And take it out again to see  
The horseshoe of our teeth  
Set like a semi-cycle  
Into your midst; and then  
To do it several dozen times again!  
Meanwhile to feel  
The ecstasy no spirit can reveal  
Save thine; to steal  
The rapture and the rhapsody  
Enfolded by thy pale periphery.  
Oh pie,  
Oh pure, propitious, prophylactic pie,  
You're IT.  
A large, luxuriant, luscious bit.  
Here's your good health,  
And ours;  
And by the powers  
You're bound to be  
The proud precursor  
Of a National pie-eat-y.

## PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Said Judge Lent, of White Plains, New York, to a lot of unkempt foreigners applying for naturalization papers: "You foreigners must wash your hands and faces before coming before me. Water costs nothing and soap is cheap. I regard cleanliness as one of the most important qualifications of American citizenship, and will grant applications for citizenship with great pleasure if the applicant is clean and neat in appearance."

From foreign lands beyond the seas,  
We've got a lot of refugees  
From kings and thrones and things like these,  
And they can share our liberties,  
But make 'em wash.

In time they may become as great  
As any in affairs of state  
And other walks, and may create  
A name and power and vast estate,  
But make 'em wash.

Our liberties are free as air,  
And every man can have his share  
With just as little thought or care  
Or cost to him as shall be fair,  
But make 'em wash.



Our soil is sacred, but its place  
Is not upon the hands and face  
Or bodies of an alien race  
Come hither to enjoy our grace,  
So make 'em wash.

Man's morals are in great degree  
Contingent on his decency  
Of person, and the chance is he,  
Unclean in one, in all will be,  
So make 'em wash.

Some say that dirt is no disgrace :  
Go to, it is. No dirty race  
Has ever yet attained a place  
That could be said to set the pace,  
So make 'em wash.

Our liberties are free as air,  
Our Uncle Sam is just and fair,  
Our water is beyond compare,  
Our soap is famous everywhere.  
So make 'em wash,  
Make 'em wash ;  
Goldern 'em, make 'em wash.

## THE TOWPATH MULE.

Trenton, N. J., April 26.—The first of the electric motors to be introduced upon the Delaware and Raritan Canal for the propulsion of canal-boats arrived here to-day. It is said that this canal will be the first in the world to use the motors for towing.

Good-by, old Mule,  
Old Towpath Mule, good-by !  
And good gray mule,  
Or black or brown,  
Take off your crown,  
Worn all these years,  
And lay it down.  
Meanwhile our tears,  
Commingling with your own,  
Are splashed upon the throne  
From which you ruled  
The path, and tooled  
The gay canalboat  
As it hied  
Its slow, serene and pleasant way  
By wood and water-side,  
Past fertile fields  
Whose harvest yields

Gave loads to you  
And plenty to  
The patient farmers who  
Lived easily and quite content.  
The gait you went  
Was fast enough for them, and they  
Asked for no quicker way  
Than yours. They knew  
Your footsteps passing through,  
And greeted you  
In passing, as a friend  
Arriving at a journey's end,  
By sluggish, sleepy towns you hauled  
Your boat ; while bawled  
Your loud commander on the deck,  
As though 'twere up to you to wreck  
The craft you were attached to,  
And which you  
Were bound to by such ties  
As would not break.  
Oh Mule, oh Towpath Mule !  
A different school  
Of Progress now obtains,  
And lightning strains  
And tugs, where erstwhile you  
Hauled cargoes through,  
And with your iron-clad soles

Were wont to kick  
The towpath full of holes.  
Alack the day!  
Alack the greed!  
That make men need  
A quicker way  
Than that sure one of yours by which  
You ploughed the waters  
Of each dammed ditch,  
And made them fertile in the tolls  
They brought  
Out of the harvest you had wrought.  
Ah, Towpath Mule!  
It breaks our heart to think  
That you are now a broken link,  
So soon to be the last  
Between the present and the past.  
Farewell, late monarch of the path,  
It is the lightning hath  
Unsceptered you, not man,  
His puny plan  
You could forestall,  
But Heaven's call  
Was different.  
You are dethroned, uncrowned,  
Irrevocably downed;  
But by the gods your memory lives

And shall  
As long as any old canal  
Holds water ; so be patient still  
Beneath the lightning's blow,  
The New-Time's will.

## O H, SOROSIS!

Note.—Sorosis has notified *The Sun* not to send any more reporters around, because it (she) does not want to see them and will not tell them anything.

Sorosis,  
Sister of silence,  
Sybil and Sphinx, all hail!  
Serene in thy superb  
Superiority which misses  
Sublimity only by a  
Scratch, thou sittest in the  
Shades of the infinite and well known  
Silence of thy  
Sex, while the  
Sun and the entire  
Solar system are  
Slugged in the  
Slats by the  
Severity of the sentence thou  
Superimposeth. And why  
Sorosis,  
Shrinkest thou so?

Surely the sweet solaces of thy  
Sanctified seclusion are not  
Sacred secrets for a  
Selfish and select few, when the  
Sempiternal sorrows of both the  
Softer and sterner sex are fairly  
Shrieking for  
Such satisfying sympathy as  
Sorosism alone can supply to  
Smitten souls. And why  
Swattest thou in the  
Solar plexus the  
Simple screed of the  
Scrivener who sings the song of thy  
Sinless sweetness  
So that an eager world may  
Slosh around in thy symphonies?  
Sorosism! Oh,  
Sorosism! why  
So shy?  
Swing wide thy gates once more ;  
Sweep outward from thy  
Sanctum, Sis, so as to  
Soothe and sanctify, and, perhaps to  
Swipe the scepter of mankind.  
See?

## KENTUCKY TO THE FRONT.

FRANKFORT, Ky., April 7, 1898.—Governor Bradley this morning made public a long list of prominent citizens who have offered their services for enlistment.

Up from the bosky Bluegrass dells,  
Up from the Bourbon-flowing wells,  
Up from the Peavine's tree-girt soil,  
Up from the Red-brush where they toil,  
Up from the Pennyryle's cave-pierced ground  
Comes a wild and woolly, welcome sound  
Of rattling spurs and clanking swords,  
Of mounted men in hustling hordes ;  
A thousand horsemen, ten times o'er,  
And ten times ten that many more ;  
Each eager, with a wild delight,  
To meet the Spaniards in a fight.  
Each sword is flashing from its sheath,  
And eyes are sparkling underneath ;  
Strong arms are raised, and hearts as true  
As beat beneath the gray and blue,  
And fierce the clarion voices shout :  
"We're fixed to fight this business out.  
Bring on the men the armies need,  
We'll be the Colonels. Let war proceed !"



## THE WAR-SHIP KENTUCKY'S APPEAL.

Hark ye,  
Ye naval experts !  
Let me speak, though yet so young.  
I would not that you frame me as  
You frame my sister ships ;  
For there is that  
In my great name demanding change.  
Launch me,  
When I am launched,  
In water that is salt,  
For water that is fresh  
Kentucky disesteems.  
Let all the decks  
Which cover me  
Be cold,  
For those are they  
Kentucky loves ;  
No turrets place about my form  
Armed with those rifled guns,

But let hip-pockets take their place,  
With Colt's revolvers stuck therein;  
Keep sea grass from my hull  
When I'm afloat,  
For Blue Grass  
Is Kentucky's pride,  
And that she floats in  
To her chin.  
No donkey engines run on me,  
For I am used to thoroughbreds,  
And when they run  
Kentucky's glad,  
When I am flagged  
Give me three stacks  
Of Red and White and Blue,  
And let me fly them at the fore  
And victory is mine.  
These are Kentucky's colors.  
And by them  
United will she stand.  
Now, hark ye, experts!  
This or nought:  
When you do christen me  
"Kentucky," sirs, let  
No champagne be used,  
Nor other deadly drug,  
Nor fatuous and vapid stuff;

But christen me  
With juice of corn  
In ancient, unctuous, amber gold ;  
Old Bourbon Whiskey, sirs,  
So mellow in its age,  
So fragrant in perfume,  
So smooth in liquid grace  
That patriots would weep  
To lose a drop  
In any but this sacred cause.  
Thus will the name you give me fit;  
And for that name  
I'll make a record on the seas  
Not less than now it is  
Upon the land!

# THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS A COLD.

COPENHAGEN, April 14.—The Prince of Wales is suffering from a cold and slight catarrh of the larynx.

Good bordig, Pridce,  
 We're dard sorry to leard  
 Of your iddispositiod.  
 There's dothig,  
 Id our opidiod, so disagreeable  
 As a code id the head.  
 Whad are you doig for id?  
 We've god a rebedy  
 Thad is the besd  
 Od earth,  
 Bar dud.  
 We dever heard of id's  
 Failig to kdock the stuffig  
 Oud of a code,  
 Do batter how bad id was,  
 Ad if you will try id,

We'll guaradtee a cure  
Or do pay.  
Jusd taig a liddle  
Bolasses ad odiods  
Ad bix theb id—  
However,  
You bust be bored  
Full of holes  
By kide frieds  
With code rebedies  
By this tibe,  
Ad we'll berely  
Exsted our sybathies.  
So log, ode chap,  
Good bordig—  
Bud hadd't you better try—  
However,  
Good bordig.

## A H I N T O F S P R I N G.

There's a lazy time a-comin'  
And it's comin' purty soon ;  
It'll git a start in April  
And'll keep it up through June.

The sun'll come a-streakin'  
Crosst the valleys and the hills,  
With its warmin' light a-drivin'  
Out the shivers and the chills.

It'll loaf around the gardens  
And'll roost among the trees,  
A-coaxin' and persuadin'  
With a mighty power to please;

Till the earth will be in color,  
With the roses all in bloom  
And the trees in leaf, and Nater  
Injoyin' of the boom.

It'll ketch a feller workin'  
In the house er out of doors,

And'll start the tired feelin'  
Oozin' out of all his pores.

It'll make his eyelids heavy,  
It'll set his brain on dreams  
Of the cool and shady places  
By the quiet runnin' streams.

Then's the time to go a fishin',  
For the lazy time is best,  
'Cause a fish ain't hardly human,  
And it never wants to rest.

By the ripplin' of the waters,  
Makin' music all the day,  
He can stretch out where its shady  
And jest fish his life away.

It's the sunshine time, the fishin' time,  
The lazy time that's best,  
When a feller don't want nothin'  
But to soak his soul in rest.

## A N E A S T E R E G G .

I am an Egg,  
An Easter Egg.  
Behold how beautiful  
My outside is,  
In glittering gold,  
In silver sheen  
And burnished bronze ;  
In Tyrian purple  
And in vermeil dyes ;  
In rainbow hues  
Set solidly,  
Or woven intricately  
In curious, chaotic chromes ;  
In blended tints and shades  
And in all manner  
Of prismatic wonders.  
I please the eye,  
And satisfy the sense  
Of harmony in all the airs,  
That light may play



Upon the chords of taste ;  
I fill the tired  
Æsthetic soul  
With that chromatic rest  
Which quiet sunsets  
Bring in June  
To bathe a twilight world  
In crimson peace ;  
Or yet again,  
I stir the limner's brush  
To nobler victories  
In realms of light.  
That's how I am outside  
My shell ;  
Within,  
I may be a bad egg,  
Through and through ;  
A doubly whited sepulchre,  
In that, all colors blended  
Are but white.  
That's me,  
A gaudy glory to the eye  
At every Easter show,  
But—  
There are others !

## THE DAY OF HATS.

Oh, Easter Morn,  
Oh, Day Easterious !  
Ten million bonnets rise  
Upon the sight  
And fill the time  
With frenzied light  
From myriad prism'd ribbons,  
And with flowers  
As odorless as rainbows are,  
And with ten times  
The rainbow's hues,  
In blended shades and tints,  
And fluffier in their feathered plumes  
Than nodding palms  
Upon a thousand tropic plains.  
And gowns galore !  
Such gowns, gadzooks,  
As, if the angels wore,  
High Heaven would be  
So different a place.

Polychromatic Infinity!  
All feminine  
In loveliness, save this,  
A man at intervals  
In Easter pants!  
Stone gray, perhaps,  
Or mauve,  
Or yet anon,  
Of lavender,  
Or some poetic tint  
Too sweet for other use  
Than Easter pants.  
Oh, Easter Morn!  
Oh, Day Easterious!  
In silken glimmer,  
Satin sheen,  
And lace illumed,  
In pure white light  
You are in very truth  
The Prism of the Spring.

## PARKS AND SPRING.

One sees  
The trees  
Are greening in the parks ;  
And larks  
(There are no larks  
But there's no time  
To hunt a better rhyme)  
And other birds,  
In flocks and herds,  
Are filling 'all the days  
And ways  
With merry lays,  
Both song and egg.  
The lively squirrels  
Shake out their tails,  
Like fuzzy sails,  
And fly  
Treeward to the sky ;  
Or linger 'long the grass  
To grab a peanut as you pass ;

And little girls,  
As dainty as the flowers,  
And boisterous boys,  
Whose youthful powers  
Seem gone entirely to noise,  
Run everywhere  
And fill themselves with air,  
As fresh and good  
As blows in any forest wood.  
And cops,  
In bright blue togs,  
By skips and hops  
Chase unchained dogs ;  
Or on a horse,  
Go o'er the course  
To catch a runaway and save  
A wagon-load of ladies  
From an untimely grave.  
The roadways are alive  
With those who drive ;  
And thousands walk  
And talk  
Along the paths that run  
Through pleasing shade and cheering sun.  
The grass is velvet,  
Soft and green.  
And low between  
The leafy, loving trees

Are blooming bushes  
Bending in the breeze.  
The benches fill  
With Jack and Jill,  
With Mike and Maggie,  
Sambo, Sal,  
Katrina, Owgoost—  
And the Mall  
Is crowded to the lids  
With niggling nurses and the kids  
They have in charge.  
The fountains,  
Squirtless in the wintertime,  
Now rise  
In strings of silver  
Toward the skies ;  
Upon the lake  
The skiff and barge,  
With argosies of gay  
And gladsome youth,  
Have sway,  
And from the boats  
Lacrustine laughter floats.  
Above it all the soft sky swings  
Its light, ærial, azure wings,  
And everybody and everything  
Unite in a general  
Hurrah for spring.

## FUNSTON OF KANSAS.

Gee whiz,  
What a fighter Funston is!  
Funston of Kansas; he  
Who, over yonder across the sea,  
Out Philippine way,  
Three times a day,  
Grabs a gun  
And starts the rebs on a run;  
And he'll fight  
At night;  
Or morning or evening or noon,  
Or December or June,  
Or any old time; he  
Lives on fighting. See?  
Eats it, sleeps with it, drinks it,  
Thinks it,  
But never talks it; just does it!  
Whoop—  
And he's got a scoop  
On the foe.

He doesn't know  
What it is not to go  
After a reb when one's in sight,  
Day or night.  
And he'll swim a river  
Without a shiver,  
Through a volley of shot  
That will make the water hot !  
He's always in front, where  
The circumambient air  
Is chuck full of lead,  
But he keeps his head,  
And in a minute or two  
He's beating a hullabaloo  
On the rebs' coat-tails.  
He never fails,  
And he doesn't know  
What it is to go slow.  
Of all the fighters, trained or raw,  
Funston's the fightin'est they ever saw  
Out in the Philippines, and  
He's keeping right at it, hand over hand.  
Kansas has her weaknesses; she may  
Want to make currency out of hay,  
And may think a gold dollar or two  
Is a regular 16 to 1 hoodoo,  
And she may grow whiskers on Populists' chins,



But Funston covers a multitude of sins.  
Funston of Kansas, him  
That's a dandy Jim  
In all kinds of scraps  
With the Malay yaps ;  
Funston of Kansas, let the cheers  
Of the present and all of the future years  
Be given for him ; let his name  
Be high in the soldiers' Temple of Fame ;  
Funston of Kansas ; he is great,  
The glory and pride of the Sunflower State.

## A GOOD WOMAN

Busy at her work all day,  
Never asks a cent of pay,  
Thinks it ought to be that way :  
    Thank the Lord for Susan !

Singin', when she wants to sing,  
Like the robins in the spring ;  
Scoldin' some, like everything :  
    Thank the Lord for Susan !

Always ready, day or night ;  
Always willin'—she's a sight,  
When it comes to doin' right :  
    Thank the Lord for Susan !

Me and seven children's what  
She looks after, well or not,  
And she's "Mother" to the lot :  
    Thank the Lord for Susan !

Goes to church on Sundays, too,  
'Long with all she's got to do ;

It's her that's goin' to pull me through :  
Thank the Lord for Susan!

In her hair is streaks of gray,  
And the crows' feet's come to stay;  
But I like her best that way:  
Thank the Lord for Susan!

Made of consecrated clay,  
She gits better every day:  
Thank the Lord for Susan!

## THE "BROTHER TO THE OX."

[Suggested by Markham's Famous Poem of "The Man With the Hoe."]

Say, Brother to the Ox, stand up,  
And tell the Poet who  
Thus calls you names to go to Aitch,  
And do it p d q.

Your leaning on the hoe is rot;  
You haven't got a hoe;  
You've got a cultivator which  
Has steam to make it go.

The emptiness of ages that  
He tells you he can see  
Spread on your face is honest sweat  
And soil of high degree.

You're dead to rapture and despair,  
You neither hope nor grieve,  
He sadly says, and what he says  
Nobody will believe.

For when your wide and waving fields  
Are rich with wheat and corn,  
No happier man than you are then  
Has ever yet been born.

And what a rapture when you swap  
A balky horse and get  
A crackajack of pedigree  
On which it's safe to bet!

And when you take up politics,  
Although you make a muss  
Sometimes, you never cease to hope  
You'll slay the Octopus.

Who loosened and let down your jaw?  
Lord knows. Whoe'er he is,  
You've tackled him in splendid style  
And long ago smashed his.

"Whose was the hand," the Poet cries,  
That slanted back your brow?  
And you can tell him, if it was,  
It isn't that way now.

Whose breath blew out the light within  
Your brain? he also asks,  
As though he had a contract to  
Perform a thousand tasks.

It was an old-time tallow-dip,  
To blow out which was right,  
And in the place of it you've got  
A new electric light.

Say, Brother to the Ox, you're great;  
And hoes and ploughs and things,  
Like those in last year's bird's-nest style,  
Of which the Poet sings

Are not your kind. You're up to snuff;  
You've got the latest fads;  
And when it comes to showing down,  
By Zucks! you've got the scads.

You wear good clothes; you've got a house  
Built on the modern plan,  
And when your wife and daughters drive,  
They go behind a span.

In reference to your brotherhood.  
Whatever may be said,  
Your herd-book shows conclusively  
The Ox is thoroughbred.

You read the papers day by day,  
And take the magazines;  
You wear a dress-suit with the ease  
You wear your working jeans.

And when the Poet writes a verse  
That shows you as a lout  
You buy a copy of his book  
To help the Poet out.

Say, Brother to the Ox, you're fine;  
You do just as you please,  
And like a slugger swat the si—  
Lence of the centuries.

Oh, masters, lords and rulers in  
All lands and bonds and stocks,  
You bet you are not in it with  
This Brother to the Ox.

## THE LOVE OF WOMAN.

Does woman have a head  
To love with,  
Or  
To think with ?  
Is she compelled to calculate  
A why and wherefore  
For her love,  
And demonstrate it  
By a rule,  
As one sets figures thus and so  
To reach results ?  
Why has she heart,  
If it is not  
To lead her soul  
Through gentler ways than reason's are ?  
A heart-throb is to her  
As measureless as Heaven,  
And why should she  
Let finite thought  
Essay to put a limit on



The infinite?  
Her head she thinks with ;  
'Tis with her heart that she forgets ;  
And in forgetfulness there is  
That love that makes  
A woman what she is :  
God's dearest gift to all the world !

## MEMORIAL DAY, 1900.

Now comes  
The roll of drums  
That tell the story of  
The glory of  
The patriot dead  
Whose blood was shed  
On land and sea  
To make our country free  
And give its liberty  
To weak and helpless others  
Held in bond as we,  
In other times, were.  
It was not theirs to live to see  
The glorious fruits of victory.  
But every grave  
Of every brave  
And generous son  
Whose work is done.  
Is dearer now to us  
Than was his life to him,

And where he sleeps  
There love its vigil keeps.  
In the Northland where the snow is,  
In the Southland where the sun is,  
On the green Atlantic meadows,  
By the murmurous Pacific,  
In the arid land of Indians,  
On the banks of Mississippi,  
By the waters of Lake Erie,  
Underneath the Cuban palm trees.  
By the roads of Porto Rico,  
In the swamps and by the rivers  
Of the far-off Orient Islands,  
Are our glory spots,  
The silent stars  
That shine upward  
To light the path  
Where patriot sons  
Shall tread  
Beneath those other stars  
That glitter in the Flag.  
Upon the soldiers'  
Everlasting camping ground  
We strew the flowers of summer time,  
Our messengers of light  
And warmth and love,  
Remembering,

To those who, after "Taps,"  
Have sunk to rest  
To wait the reveille  
That wakes a world.  
We bring  
The fragrant roses of the North,  
The fair magnolias of the South,  
The sweet forget-me-nots  
Of all this land of ours  
Made free and fertile  
By the blood of those  
Who loved it so  
They gave their lives for it.  
We give them tears,  
And though our eyes be wet  
There is that in our hearts  
That makes tears glad  
For heroes, dead in noble sacrifice,  
Are greater gain  
Than any loss.  
To-day swing out the Starry Flag,  
Let no more tears be shed,  
The loving living glory in  
The glory of the dead.  
Swing out the Flag !  
And roll the drums,  
A Nation with its homage  
Comes.

## THE PROSE OF POETRY.

His poem had been writ  
And brought him gold.  
Filled full of lofty thought,  
Of noble purpose and  
Of brilliant wit,  
Of sentiment and soul;  
Of music, unattuned,  
It turned the mystic key  
That fits the lock of wealth.  
It was a picture  
Wrought in words;  
A star plucked from  
The sky of mind;  
A white rose from  
The garden of the heart.  
And yet it was not these  
To him.  
Between its splendid lines  
He found a suit of clothes;  
Its periods rounded out to him

A plate of soup,  
A roast of beef,  
A piece of pie.  
Its rhythmic flowing feet  
Wore shoes for him;  
Its soul  
Went to his stomach,  
And its sentiment  
Gave him a bed on which to sleep  
And dream the poet's dream;  
Its measure and its melody,  
Its waking and its wretchedness.

## THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

See there she stands  
In gown of white—  
All white and fluffy,  
Perhaps a little puffy—  
And in her hands  
A roll  
Of manuscript; a scroll,  
Tied with a pale pink ribbon,  
Or ethereal blue.  
Mayhap a rose  
Is at her dainty waist;  
Mayhap a sash  
Of some cool tint  
Encircles it  
And spreads into a bow  
With streamers falling to her hem.  
Her hair lies soft  
Upon her classic head  
And touches with caressing curls

Her fair,  
Smooth brow,  
Unwrinkled now  
With care.  
A ribbon-knot adorns it,  
Or a bloom  
As sweet as she is.  
Her face, alight  
With promise and with hope,  
Is radiant as a star,  
And through her cheeks  
The young blood courses ruddily.  
The future glistens in her eyes,  
And out beyond  
The narrow confines  
Of her Past and Now,  
She sees a dream,  
All golden glorious,  
Coming true.  
Her heart beats high,  
And every nerve is tense;  
While in her brain  
Are whirling thoughts  
That will not rest,  
She feels the breaking of the ties  
That held what was and what will be,  
And little tears come to her eyes



To let themselves be chased away  
By smiles.

The bud of womanhood  
Is bursting in her soul  
To blossom afterwhiles,  
And every parting fibre brings  
To her a thrill

Of pleasure and of pain,  
The place grows still ;  
Her trembling fingers hold  
Her manuscript, and in a voice,  
Half certainty, half doubt,  
Half tears, half smiles,  
She reads :

“Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brooks and rivers meet,  
We have met this rare June day  
To bid farewell, ere we go away.

“How sad it is for us who’re here,  
Friends and pupils and teachers dear,  
To say good-by, perhaps, forever,  
And be engulfed in life’s wide river.

“To-day we’re children ; only girls,  
Wearing our pretty frocks and golden  
curls,  
But when to-morrow’s sun we see,  
Dear classmates, we shall women be.

“Oh think of that, dear girls. How deep  
The feeling is should make us weep;  
For grave responsibilities must come  
To all of us, and more to some.

“We look back now upon the years  
We’ve passed in school, and though  
our tears

Did sometimes flow, all that is past,  
And we have reached the goal at last.

“This bright Commencement Day  
we’re here

To gratefully thank our teachers dear  
And tell them how much we appreciate  
Their noble efforts, early and late.

“No more we’ll hear the chapel bell,  
No more our little fibbies tell,  
No more will we late lunches eat,  
No more we’ll flirt upon the street.

“All that is past, we know ’twas wrong,  
But like a discord in a song,  
It is forgotten in the sweeter part  
That always touches the truest heart.

“To you, dear classmates, let me say  
One little word upon this Day;  
Though many, many I could tell,  
But I will only say Farewell.

“A word that hath been, and must be,  
Sad and yet joyful to you and to me;  
Sad that we must part; and yet  
Joyful in that we will not forget.

“And now to all, Farewell again,  
The saddest word of tongue or pen;  
Farewell, dear friends, we part in love;  
May we meet forever in the land  
above.”

. . . . .

These are her burning thoughts,  
This the way  
She points to  
On Commencement Day,  
A sweet, poetic pathway  
Leading through  
A field of roses and—  
Of rue.  
My word,  
Isn't the sweet girl graduate  
A bird?

## LO, THE SUMMER GIRL.

Lo, there she stands  
Upon the mystic, misty line  
That lies half-way  
Between the frost and flowers ;  
Her pink cheeks redden in the sun  
And with a greeting, smile and nod,  
She comes to earth upon a bluebird's wing  
And tip-toes into June  
On rosebuds blushing sweet  
Beneath her dainty tread.  
Gowned in a garniture of filmy white  
Or fluffy pinks and blues  
And every varying tint and shade  
Of blossom-time,  
She skims above the green earth's breast  
Just high enough to reach men's hearts ;  
She makes the world her own,  
And man her slave,  
And as a Queen she reigns  
Upon her hammock throne,

Or sits in state upon a hotel porch  
Surrounded by her court ;  
The ribbons of her sailor hat  
Are rainbow-tinted fetters  
Binding close the glad, unhappy subjects  
Of her sway ;  
Her tinsel parasol  
Is sceptred in her hands  
And from its shade she rules  
A retinue of swains ;  
Down by the sea  
She walks the silver strand,  
Where emerald waves break into foamy white  
And lay their broken bodies at her feet ;  
She murmurs nothings to a hundred ears  
And gives her smiles to honeyed tongues  
That tell of manly hearts in thrall to her ;  
The lazy, lambent moon  
Lies crescent in the sky  
For her to hang her witcheries on,  
And all the little stars,  
With twinkling eyes that sparkle in the blue,  
Laugh silently to see  
This sorceress of the summer-time  
Work moonshine into mystic spells ;  
The sunshine drops its dazzle  
In her hair, her eyes, her smile ;

The flowers fold their fragrance round her  
As she moves ;  
The roses lay their leaves upon her cheeks,  
The lilies on her hands,  
And everything in sight is hers.  
She leaves the land  
To meet the cool caresses of the sea,  
And Neptune sets a short-robed Queen  
Upon his billowy throne ;  
The saucy waves come up to kiss her cheeks  
And slip away, as laughingly she dares  
Them do their worst ;  
Sunburned she stands upon the shore  
And, gazing outward o'er the blue, she weeps  
For other worlds to claim as hers.  
Up from the sea  
To where the mountains touch the sky  
And bathe their dark green brows  
In silver clouds,  
She takes her way,  
All-conquering as she comes ;  
The waving trees  
Bend down their sheltering boughs  
To touch her passing underneath ;  
The gray crags soften  
When she rests on them ;  
The murmurous hum of forest life

Grows still to hear her speak,  
And what she says to any him  
Who worships her  
In those primeval shrines  
Is hidden in the hearts of flowers  
Where bees may come to gather it  
And lock it in their hives.  
She rules the mountains  
As she rules the shore,  
A flirting phantom,  
Frivolous and fair ;  
A dream of fluffy pink and white  
That ne'er comes true ;  
A bright intangibility ;  
A fantasy of music, moonlight, love and flowers,  
A Summer Girl.

## THE SHIRT WAIST.

Behold me,  
I am the Shirt Waist,  
The universal slip  
That woman wears  
And revels in  
With wild, abandoned joy,  
As unrestrained  
As I am.  
Had Eve but had  
A shirt waist on,  
When she passed outward through  
The garden gate,  
Her hardship would have seemed  
A holiday ;  
Had Cleopatra had me on  
When she swept down the Nile  
'Neath silken sails,  
She would have cast  
Her sunshades far  
Out on the rolling tide ;



And Venus, she of Medici,  
If decked in me,  
Would surely  
A new woman be.  
Without me,  
Woman's wear is but a name  
For fetters and for bonds.  
I have all season's for my own,  
But in the summer time  
I burst into ten thousand hues  
That make the rainbow pale  
And beg the sun to shine  
No more upon the rain.  
I weave  
The purple shadows of the eve  
Into my web;  
The rose-tint and the cherry-ripe,  
The apple-bloom,  
The violet and the golden-rod,  
The chrome chrysanthemum,  
The dazzling dahlia and the tulip show,  
The painted pansy  
In a thousand dyes,  
The vari-verdancy of grasses in the fields,  
The crimson, gold and scarlet of  
The frost-kissed forest leaves,  
The multi-colored breadth of earth

And sea and sky and air,  
And lambent moon and silver sun,  
And topaz stars  
Are not arrayed like most of me,  
When Summer comes to let  
My gorgeous glories loose  
And spread them o'er the world.  
I fit all sizes,  
And I gather in  
The female form divine,  
From Greenland's icy mountains  
To India's coral strand,  
And no one says me nay.  
The fickle Goddess Fashion  
Flits  
To parts unknown  
When I appear,  
For I have come to stay.  
I, the Shirt Waist ;  
I, the one fixed fashion  
Of the fair.

## THE HUMIDITY.

Say Humidity,  
You pestiferous permeator  
Of an otherwise fairly respectable  
Circumambient atmosphere,  
What excuse for being  
Have you got anyway?  
Why don't you  
Go in out of the wet?  
Did you ever have to hit  
Anybody with a club  
For insisting on you  
To remain over  
And load the air  
Full of yourself  
Every time the  
Barometrical area  
Humped itself a bit?  
Get out, Humidity,  
You are the very worst  
In the whole category

Of meteorological ills,  
And you haven't got  
A friend  
On earth.  
You're a blamed sight meaner  
Than any mean temperature  
In these parts  
For while that  
Bangs around from  
50 below to 150 above,  
More or less,  
You can't get above,  
A hundred  
Without being drowned out,  
And you simply  
Can't go to zero  
At all.  
But confound you,  
You can mix yourself up  
With the atmosphere,  
And then what you are  
Is a plenty.  
Oh, it's more than a plenty,  
You gosh-darned  
Draggly,  
Discouraging,  
Detestable dampness ;

You moist,  
Moppy,  
Muggy,  
Miserable mixture  
Of seven kinds of sweat  
All warranted not to dry  
Inside of a week ;  
Oh you—you—  
You make everybody tired.  
You are the father  
And mother  
And grandparents  
And mother-in-law  
Of that tired feeling  
All the world  
Has to take medicine for.  
Why, Humidity,  
You dampener of all ardour,  
Too much of you  
In good liquor  
Will even spoil that.  
Oh say,  
Can't you dry up once ?  
What this suffering sphere needs  
Is a reliable article  
Of dessicated humidity,  
And it's up to you

To furnish it.  
Do you precipitate  
Our allusion?

## THE ELECTRIC FAN.

Oh, yes,  
I've got a cold,  
A summer cold,  
The meanest of its race,  
The black sheep  
Of the flock of lesser ills.  
How did I get it?  
Please ask me something hard;  
I got it  
Sitting underneath a fan.  
Not fan of palm,  
Or feathered finery,  
Or handiwork of Jap,  
Swayed lazily  
By some fair lady's hand,  
But fan of brass,  
Sent whirlingly through space  
At lightning speed

By lightning spark ;  
The popular electric fan,  
The tempter  
Of an overheated man,  
The terror  
Of the summer time.  
Unto its cool caresses; I,  
Unthinking, gave myself,  
And sinking at its base  
Into an easy chair,  
I let the music  
Of its soothing whirr  
Lull me to sleep.  
Methought I floated on the wings  
Of angels fresh from Shadyland  
That fanned me as they flew  
And turned the perspiration  
On my burning brow  
To pearls of pleasantness ;  
I dreamed of babbling brooks  
That told of spring ;  
Of purling rills  
That sang of shade ;  
Of sweet, sequestered woods,  
Unscorched by sun ;  
Of fair, green fields,



Dew-kissed from morn to night;  
Of rose bloom  
And of rhapsodies—  
And then the vision changed  
And I beheld  
A hideous horror,  
Brazen winged,  
That flew forever,  
Whirling round  
And round and round,  
Unceasingly around,  
And beat upon its cage of wire;  
The meanwhile  
Whirring wickedly  
And blowing out its icy breath  
Upon my neck  
And down my back  
Into the very marrow of my soul.  
Chilled through  
And stiffened to the bone,  
My clothes, as cold and clammy  
As the hand of death,  
Stuck to my shivering skin,  
I, with a sneeze  
And wheeze and snort,  
Awoke.

Oh, yes,  
I've got a code,  
A dab bad code,  
Ad I know how I god id.

## A N E N I G M A .

And the man stood before me talking :  
“ Verily, verily,” were his words,  
“ I have been by the smooth road,  
The great road  
Where the wheels are whirling hither and yon ;  
Where the flowers bloom not,  
Yet there are many bloomers ;  
Where there are no trees,  
Yet limbs are everywhere ;  
Where no cattle come,  
Yet calves are many ;  
Lean calves and fat,  
Pretty calves and homely,  
Old calves and young ;  
And stranger than the other strange things  
Was this :  
That no calf of all those calves  
Had more than one leg !”  
Then the man ceased speaking,  
And I communed with myself, saying :  
“ Verily, the wheels this man thought he saw  
Are in his own head.”  
And I plumed myself upon my superior wisdom.

## THE SHIRT-WAIST MAN.

Behold me,  
Coatless and cool ;  
I am the Shirt Waist Man  
And if I don't  
Take the rag off the bush,  
I take the coat  
Off my back  
And fling it  
In the face of conventionality.  
What do I care  
If Fashion  
Piles the perspiration  
Chin deep  
On the backs  
Of coated men ?  
It doesn't monkey with me,  
For I yank off my coat  
And Fashion  
Chases itself out of my  
Neighborhood,

And leaves me  
Cool  
As a cucumber.  
Of course,  
My shirt waist  
Isn't cut according  
To the pattern  
Of the lady shirt waist,  
And it lacks  
Fluff and puff  
And furbelow,  
And has a  
Superfluity of narrative,  
Perhaps,  
But it gets there  
Just the same,  
And I am comfortable,  
While those,  
Coated with conventionality,  
Sweat and swear  
And kick holes  
In the Weather Bureau  
And lose their tempers  
In an overflow of temperature.  
The Shirt Waist Man  
Isn't a recognized institution  
Just yet,

But he's the coming man,  
And the hot weather  
Brings him out  
As it does the tassels  
On a field of corn,  
And soon the streets  
Will blossom with him,  
Not altogether  
A thing of beauty,  
But verily a joy  
To himself  
During the heated term.  
That's me,  
The Shirt Waist Man,  
And as long  
As I keep cool  
Conventionality  
May go to thunder.

## LARCHMONT'S SHIRT- WAIST HOP.

At a recent shirt-waist hop at fashionable Larchmont on Long Island Sound, two hundred representative garments were present.

Larchmont had a shirt-waist hop  
And all the men were there,  
The grave brunette, the giddy blonde,  
The bravest and the fair.

There were blue shirt waists  
And red shirt waists  
And pink shirt waists and green,  
There were white shirt waists  
And black shirt waists  
And fat shirts waists and lean.

There were dark shirt waists  
And light shirt waists  
And gray shirt waists and blue,  
There were smooth shirt waists  
And ruffled shirt waists  
And false shirt waists and true.



There were mauve shirt waists  
And yellow shirt waists  
And right shirt waists and wrong,  
There were pretty shirt waists  
And ugly shirt waists  
And short shirt waists and long.

There were plaited shirt waists  
And netted shirt waists  
And paid-for shirt waists and not,  
There were high shirt waists  
And low shirt waists  
And cool shirt waists and hot.

There were nice shirt waists  
And cheap shirt waists,  
They were all shirt waists in style ;  
There were plain shirt waists  
There were quiet shirt waists  
And some you could hear a mile.

There was every kind of a shirt waist there,  
With a man to match it inside,

And the girls were so jealous  
Of the shirt-waisted fellows

That they sat on the floor and cried :

Or somebody has lied.



## THE AUTOMOBILE.

I am the Automobile  
And I run  
My never tiring course  
Along the roadways  
Of the world,  
And leave no hoofprints  
In the sands of time.  
I am the horse's Juggernaut,  
Likewise the mule's,  
And over their recumbent necks  
My whirling wheels  
Pass to an era  
Not for them.  
They mark a step in progress  
Through six thousand years ;  
I leap the bounds  
Of all the past  
And whizz into the future with  
A swish that marks me here  
This instant, and the next  
A thousand years ahead.  
I stand, a pioneer,  
Upon the lofty ridge  
Between the new and old,

And backward down the Kismet path  
I hear the slow surceasing tread  
Of hoof-beats moving to the field  
Of desuetude.

I look before and see  
A million multiples of me  
Subserving man  
In all his moving needs,  
A ministrant of motion that  
Is measureless as are  
Its master's wants.

By night and day I stand and wait,  
And at the master's beck  
I go.

I have no tired eyelids for  
The hand of Sleep  
To lay its fingers on ;  
No hunger gnaws my vitals out ;  
No muscles, overstrained and sore,  
Plead silently to me for rest.

In my new lexicon  
There's no such word as rest ;  
And tireless as may be  
The energies of man,  
My service meets them everywhere,  
As tireless as they,  
And makes cessation cowardice,

I am the movement  
Of the time to come ;  
And in me motion finds  
Its rhythm and its poesy,  
Its " get there "  
And its best activity,  
I am The Thing ;  
The It of passage and  
The master servant of the master man.  
Through the splendors of the future,  
In every land and clime,  
I will lead the grand procession  
Up the corridors of time.  
In the niche of transportation  
In the Pantheon of Fame,  
God among the gods of motion,  
I shall set my seal and name.

## MAUD MILLER.

Maud Miller in the summer's heat,  
Raked the meadows thick with wheat.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Soothing his horse's chestnut mane.

"With wheat at a dollar per," said he,  
"This maid is about the size for me."

Then he smiled at her and she blushed at him,  
And over the meadow fence he clim.

"Will you marry me, sweet maid," he said,  
And she told him yes, and they were wed.

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For old designer and wheatfield drudge.

Lord pity them both and pity us all,  
For Maud didn't own the wheat at all.

And the Judge remarked when he learned the  
cheat :

"Don't talk to me about dollar wheat!"

## R E A D Y—I F N E E D E D !

Up on the coasts and hills of Maine,  
Where the spruce gum is a source of gain,  
Where the ice crops in the rivers grow,  
And the pine woods' splendors hide in snow;  
Every man is ready !

Down in the solemn Everglades,  
In the orange orchards' pleasant shades,  
By the rivers, still and dark and deep,  
Where the lazy alligators sleep ;  
Every man is ready !

Off in the Texas cotton fields,  
Where the earth her snowy fibre yields,  
Where the plains stretch out and far away  
From the dawn to the going down of day ;  
Every man is ready !

There in the big, strong Keystone State,  
Whose brawn and muscle have made her great,  
Where the sturdy miner and mill hand give  
To Labor the heart that makes it live ;  
Every man is ready !

Out in the blizzardous, cold Northwest,  
Where the zero weather will stand the test,  
Where the tops of the mountains scrape the skies,  
And the wheat fields yield their golden prize ;  
Every man is ready !

Out on the California strand,  
Where the sun shines soft on a Promised Land,  
Where the roses bloom and the hillsides laugh,  
With the fruit whose blood the gods may quaff ;  
Every man is ready !

Still on, to the Puget country where  
The mountains loom through the misty air,  
Where the great primeval forests stand  
As sentinels who guard the land ;  
Every man is ready !

Up in the fields where the daisies bloom,  
Down in the city's dingiest room,  
Out on the plains, or in the hills,  
Deep in the mines, or in the mills,  
From everywhere they're rising, then,  
Ten thousand regiments of men ;  
And every man is ready.

## HYMEN'S SPEECH.

Behold me,  
Hymen, the Hustler,  
And Hitcher of Hearts.  
Ever since Easter  
I've been working overtime  
And we're not half way in sight  
Of June, when the real rush  
Of roses and rapture  
Is turned on full,  
Still I'm not going to strike  
For shorter hours.  
My advance agent  
And business solicitor,  
Cupid,  
Has been a busy little god  
All winter,  
And I've got to hustle  
To keep up with his orders.  
I'm the boss coupler  
Of two souls with but a single thought,

And the way I can hook up  
Two hearts that beat as one  
Is a sight to behold.  
I'm the best friend  
And the most profitable partner  
Of the florist,  
The caterer,  
The preacher,  
The milliner,  
The dressmaker,  
The furniture dealer,  
The real estate agent  
And the instalment-plan man;  
But do I get any of the rake-off?  
Nary a nickel.  
I ought to kick, I suppose,  
But I don't.  
My clients are all  
So perfectly happy,  
So ineffably blissful,  
So supremely ecstatic,  
And so infinitely pleased  
That I take it out in that,  
And forget the gross, material profits  
Which others get out of the business  
Of hymenizing.  
I've had a rush like this



Every Spring since I began operations,  
But I never get tired  
And the more I have to do  
The better I like it.  
Plenty of kicks are coming,  
Of course,  
But that's not my affair.  
I give no guarantees,  
And if people don't find goods  
To be as represented,  
It's no mix of mine.  
However, this is my busy day,  
And there are forty-seven calls for me  
This very minute.  
Anything I can do for you?  
No?  
Sorry.  
So long ;  
See you later.

## CONCERNING A DAY.

If you're asking what the row is,  
What the never-ceasing noise is,  
What the bursting boundless boom is,  
What the blunderbussian bang is,  
What the flushing fiery fizz is,  
What the whooping, whanging whiz is,  
What the swinging, sweeping sizz is,  
What the silence-splitting sound is,  
What the too terrific toot is,  
What the boisterous, breezy blare is,  
What the brassy, big-horn blast is,  
What the much meandering march is,  
What the flawless, flying flag is,  
Why the spruce gum of Katahdin  
Spruces finer than a fiddle,  
Why the cold New England Yankee  
Booms the everlasting Doodle,  
Why the blooming wooden nutmeg  
Whoops itself to something greater,  
Why the knightly Knickerbocker  
Knicks his bocks and bocks his knicker,  
Why the mint of old Virginia

Coins a patriotic julep,  
Why the Georgia watermelon  
Bursts in red enthusiasm.  
Why the tents that tickle Tampa  
Swell with pride and tooting troopers,  
Why the old Kentucky Bourbon  
Turns its yellor into gladness,  
Why the Texas cotton raiser  
Raises other things than cotton,  
Why from Maine to California,  
On to Oregon or Klondike,  
From the Philippines to Cuba,  
Taking in the Sandwich Islands  
And some other territory,  
There is boom and bang and boister,  
There is fizz and fire and fervor,  
There is Yankee Doodle-Dixie—  
Uncle Sam will tell you briefly  
That he's out to do some Fourthing.  
Just a bit of Fourthing, mind you,  
On his jolly July birthday;  
That he's out to have a pleasant  
Little Uncle Sam-sam frolic!  
That is all. Now if there's any-  
Body thinks that he can stop it,  
Say for instance, let him try it,  
Let him try it, right this minute!  
Whoop-la!!

## IN WASHINGTON.

They say that in this city,  
Our fair, pale Marguerite,  
And Kate and Jane and others  
Wear anklets near their feet ;  
They say our lovely damsels,  
Who never can grow old,  
Adorn their graceful ankles  
With silver bands, or gold.

They say there are inscriptions  
Within those circling bands,  
So shy and coy that only  
A maiden understands ;  
They say these anklets carry  
A wealth of jewels rare,  
Which flash in starry sparkles,  
Mid dainty underwear.

They say : but what is gossip ?  
An exercise of spite,  
In which some men are skilful,  
And women take delight.

It's gossip, merely gossip,  
Which bruises the news abroad,  
That Washington's fair damsels  
Are in this way gewgawed,  
For I have often watched them  
Pursue their pretty ways  
By primrose paths of dalliance,  
On rainy, sloppy days.

I've seen their dainty steppings  
On crossings where the slush  
Had just about attained the  
Consistency of mush ;  
I've seen them lift their laces  
To let a stocking gleam,  
As gleams a fleeting fancy  
In some poetic dream.

I've seen the lovely limning  
Of pictures done in silk,  
Enframed by gauzy laces  
As soft and white as milk ;  
I've caught the misty glories  
Of visions, quickly gone,  
As pink and blue auroras  
Come tripping to the dawn.

How many of these visions  
I've seen, I do not care  
To publish in the papers,  
But, hear me as I swear :  
The rumor is unfounded,  
Cold malice did inspire  
The statement, and I tell you  
That "They Say" is a liar.

## A BLAZE OF GLORY.

CHICAGO, July 3, 1894.—Mrs. Katherine O'Leary, owner of the cow that kicked the lamp that fired the barn that set the blaze that burned Chicago, died here to-day.

Dead is Mrs. O'Leary,  
Dead in Chicago now ;  
Finished her earthly labors,  
Gone to meet her cow :

Cow that is ever famous,  
More than heart could desire ;  
Famous because she started  
The Great Chicago Fire :

Fire that swept the city ;  
City of brick and frame  
Went up in a blaze of glory,  
That brought unfading fame :

Fame for being the biggest  
Fire that ever blazed  
In any earthly city,  
And left the world amazed :

Amazed that from her ashes  
Chicago could arise,  
And grow with magic swiftness  
To such enormous size :

Size that is simply wondrous ;  
Distended everywhere,  
With the wind, which is *de facto*,  
Coagulated air :

Air that is filled with thickness,  
That makes the sun as red  
As the blood in her slaughter houses,  
Where the wine of her life is shed :

Shed that her wealth and glory  
Might decorate the brow  
Of the one and only city  
Kicked to fame by a cow :

Cow of Mrs. O'Leary ;  
A lamp, a kick, and a shed,  
A wonderful combination  
Numbered now with the dead.

Dead is Mrs. O'Leary,  
Gone to the by and by ;  
Go build her a tomb of granite  
A hundred stories high !



## THE SPEEDWAY, NEW YORK.

Wide  
By the waterside,  
The yellow-brown  
And rock-ribbed way leads from the town.  
Between  
The green  
Of the hills it lies  
Under the sapphire skies,  
A golden link that ties  
The stony street,  
White in the heat,  
To the cool roads that wend  
Their shady way to the end  
Of the land  
Stand.  
You,  
Where the bridges do,  
Arches of steel and arches of stone.  
Thrown  
Outward and over the way ;

And stay  
To look at the Speedway, bright  
In living color and changing light.  
Surely the sight  
Gladdens the eye,  
And sends the blood high.  
Sweeping through and through,  
Be it plain red or blue.  
See there, a horse  
On the course,  
And near him another, each  
Striving and stretching to reach  
The hill at the goal, and to win  
The glory of coming in  
In the lead—and here, there,  
Everywhere,  
Two, three, four, a dozen come  
With a whizz and a hum  
Of whirring wheels,  
And your very soul feels  
The rush of the horses, and you hear  
Cheer after cheer,  
Till your forget  
All else and let  
Your own tumultuous spirit out  
In a wild shout  
Of triumph for the winner: him, best or worst—  
No matter which—that got there first.

In the centre of the way  
The fliers stray,  
While on each side  
Of the long and wide  
Stretch of yellow-brown,  
Hundreds of others move up and down ;  
In every manner of grave and gay  
Equipage along the way,  
A rainbow of horses and wheels and wraps  
And run-a-bouts, carriages, wagons and traps.  
These in the wide :  
On the walks beside  
Are thousands on foot to see  
The whirl of the horses, and be  
Out in the open where  
The good sun shines, and the air  
Swings along fresh and free  
As sweet as the breath of the sea.  
Men, women and children, they,  
Who love the zest of the day,  
Linger along by the way,  
Glad to be where  
They find light and air  
And so much that is fair :  
Where, wide  
By the waterside  
The yellow-brown  
And rock-ribbed way leads from the town,

## FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

Say, Aguinaldo,  
You little measly  
Malay moke,  
What's the matter with you?  
Don't you know enough  
To know  
That when you don't see  
Freedom,  
Inalienable rights,  
The American Eagle,  
The Fourth of July,  
The Star-Spangled Banner,  
And the Palladium of your Liberties,  
All you've got to do is to ask for them?  
Are you a natural born chump  
Or did you catch it from the Spaniards?  
You ain't bigger  
Than a piece of soap  
After a day's washing,  
But, by gravy, you

Seem to think  
You're a bigger man  
Than Uncle Sam.  
You ought to be shrunk,  
Young fellow ;  
And if you don't  
Demalayize yourself  
At an early date,  
And catch on  
To your golden glorious opportunities,  
Something's going to happen to you  
Like a Himalaya  
Sitting down kerswot  
On a gnat.  
If you ain't  
A yellow dog  
You'll take in your sign  
And scatter  
Some Red, White and Blue  
Disinfectant  
Over yourself.  
What you need, Aggie,  
Is civilizing.  
And goldarn  
Your yaller percoon skin,  
We'll civilize you  
Dead or alive.

You'd better  
Fall into the  
Procession of Progress  
And go marching on to glory,  
Before you fall  
Into a hole in the ground.  
Understand?  
That's us—  
U. S.  
See?

## A FANTASY.

Inspired by a slice of (New York) University Club mince pie.

Sit down around the mystic mix,  
And lay the heaviest odds  
That nowhere else can mortals fix  
A mince pie for the gods.

In other minces there are ills  
Whose presence perils ease,  
But everything in this mince fills  
The hungry harmonies.

The crusts, that hold the myst'ry close,  
Melt in the mouth, and they,  
Above the earthy and the gross,  
In raptures fade away.

The meat that's in the mince is meat  
The gods themselves must grow ;  
While grape and citron, rich and sweet,  
Are from Pomona's show,

Above the full round mystery  
Such nectarous odors rise  
That, when its gates are opened, we  
Step into Paradise.

And one may dream who may have fed  
Upon this perfect pie,  
But all the dream paths he may tread  
Lead upward to the sky.

Sit down around the mystic mix  
And lay the heaviest odds  
That nowhere else can mortals fix  
A mince pie for the gods.



## A LAY OF THE ANCIENTS.

Copied from the notebook of a youthful reader of the classics.

I dreamed I wandered 'mongst the shades  
Of those gone long ago to Hades,  
And I would fain repeat the name  
And deeds of those well known to fame.  
Chief orator in all those scenes  
I warrant was great Demosthenes,  
Who made his speeches to the throng,  
Without a stutter, all day long,  
While wiser far than all his mates,  
I'm just as sure was wise Socrates;  
Who taught here, fearless of the lip  
He got when living with Xantippe,  
And living still within his means  
Was economic Diogenes,  
Who, having found an honest man,  
Had swapped his lantern for a fan.  
I wandered to the ballroom floor,  
And there I saw fair Terpsichore,  
Who danced amidst a hundred maids,  
None sweeter than the sweet Pleiades;

And none to me were quite so nice,  
Among them all, as Eurydice.  
In that department where abides  
The court of justice, Aristides  
Was seated on a front bench high,  
And spoke to me as I passed by.  
And busy still upon his deeds  
Of science was great Archimedes.  
Beyond the limits of the schools,  
Among the athletes was Hercules,  
The strong man of the show, you bet,  
And one a fellow can't forget ;  
Alongside, dressed in steel-trimmed frills,  
I saw the warrior bold, Achilles,  
And near him weeping, in a robe  
Of sombre shape, sat sad Niobe,  
A lady who has wept so much,  
It makes one cry to think of such.  
Now wandering on, my sight reveals  
The famous sculptor Praxiteles ;  
With chisel drawn, he's making terms,  
I ween, to sculpt another Hermes.  
And thus I wandered in my dream  
And met at every turn a stream  
Of famous and illustrious shades  
Inhabiting the realm of Hades,  
Who seemed to be quite satisfied  
And showed me round the place with pride.

## CHICAGO PHONETICS.

The Senate of the University of Chicago has vetoed the action of the Administrative Board of the University Press in deciding to adopt for use in the university publications the National Educational Association's list of twelve words in the abbreviated phonetic spelling.—*Chicago News Item.*

O Doctors, lernd in menny things,

No doubt it's just az wel

That yu ar met by others who

Reject yore wa tu spel;

Perhaps tha no no more than yu ;

Perhaps not quite az much,

But tha ar more conservativ

And rather keep in tuch

With what iz old, than what iz nu,

Because they no that what

Iz nu and hithertu untride

Ma posibly be not

The proper thing ; and so tha stand

Stif-nekt agenst yore plan

Tu drop the old and make the nu

Conspikuus in the van.

That it iz sumwhat ruf on yu,  
We must admit, but then  
Yu've got tu go a littel slo—  
The conquests ov the pen  
Ar never quick az ar the soard's  
And time alone can tel  
The triumf ov yore efforts tu  
Adopt nu waze to spel.

But yu wil get thair, never fear ;  
It's bound tu kum, for we  
Ar forjing onward tu the frunt  
With wundrus energy.  
And when we cough, we'll cof, gadzooks ;  
And if we're tough, we're tuf ;  
And when we're through, we're thru ;  
and then  
Enough will be enuf ;

And phthisic will be tizzik then,  
And so wil debt be det,  
And sigh wil fal awa tu si,  
And al the rest, yu bet  
Wil take a tumbel tu themselves,  
And speling by yore act  
Will in goöd time bekum tu be  
A grand fonetic fact.

## IN CHRYSANTHEMUMIAM.

Say, there,  
You rosybuds  
And lilypods,  
And sweet peas,  
And daffydowndillies,  
And daisies,  
And geraniums,  
And all you other  
Miss Nancies of the flowering world,  
Will you please go sprinkle yourselves,  
And turn your weeping eyes on Me—  
Me,  
The effulgent and iridescent full-back  
Of the Floral Field?  
The only blooming  
Football player  
In the whole botanical business?  
There's nothing  
Of the modest little violet style  
In my ornate

And flocculent physiognomy,  
And when it comes  
To throwing bouquets,  
I rather fancy  
I'm a whole plate  
Of cold slaw  
Myself!  
Don't I seem  
To strike you that way?  
I am also  
A shredded sunburst of glory,  
And when I rise and shine  
There is but one light  
By which the footsteps  
Of the fleet and fading Flora  
Are guided:  
That's Me,  
The Chrysanthemum !  
See?

TO THE W. C. T. U. CON-  
VENTION.

(In Seattle.)

Hail, Women !  
Hail and welcome !  
We are glad  
To have you  
In the wide and wondrous West,  
Where water in ten million  
Silver streams  
Flows down a million hills  
Made green and glorious  
By such wholesome drink ;  
And half the year  
The kindly clouds  
Pour their libations down  
To make the other half  
All sunshine, flowers,  
And genial glow  
Of generous earth.  
We greet you, Women,  
From all otherwheres—

The frigid North,  
The languorous South,  
The cultured East,  
The multifarious Middle West ;  
Wherever you may have your homes  
There better things prevail,  
And though the toddy  
Trembles to its fall,  
And cheering cocktails  
Dodge into a dismal  
Desuetude,  
And sparkling fizz  
Grows stale and flat  
And profitless,  
And Bacchus  
Bids his beer adieu,  
Your courage does not fail  
Nor does your purpose  
Go awry.  
The woeful, wicked Taste  
That worships wine  
And in the red  
Of crimson chalices  
Looks on the sunrise of its soul ;  
That browses dreamily  
Upon the green and tender mint ;  
That sees the stars



Of love and poesy  
In every sparkle of the yellow stream  
Which flows from France,  
Is not your kind,  
And happily is not.  
Here's to you, then,  
Just as you are,  
And let us drink your health  
And ours as well,  
And that of all mankind,  
In water, clear and cold  
And pure as are the motives  
Of your deeds.  
Hail, Women!  
Hail and welcome!  
Although we do not pledge  
Your health in rare old wines  
We look towards you in a light  
That everlasting shines  
And glorifies you, as no wine  
Could glorify; and now  
Here's hail and welcome once again,  
And, pardon us, "Here's how!"

## ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM.

I am ready to fight if necessary.—Gen. Joe Wheeler of Alabama.

Then up rose General Wheeler  
Of Alabama, who  
Led all the Southern horsemen  
The great rebellion through,  
And, rising, said : “ I’m with you,  
You wearers of the blue.

“ In other days my color  
Was gray, and what I did  
I think was quite convincing  
That I was not a kid ;  
Now, by that selfsame token,  
I’m loaded for the Cid.

“ What’s past is past forever,  
And in this better day  
We have a closer Union,  
Including blue and gray ;  
A Union without section,  
Forever come to stay.

“I’m ready for the Spanish  
If they should come ashore,  
And with ten thousand horsemen  
I’d like to lead once more,  
This time a troop of Yankees,  
A rebel at the fore

“In blue, thank God! and floating  
Above the serried host,  
Old Glory in the glory  
Of which we love to boast:  
‘One Flag, one God, one Country,’  
Our everlasting toast.”

## SOME TEXAS PECU- LIARITIES.

Though Texas is a lordly State  
And loaded full of biz,  
It's not a millionth time as big  
As Texans think it is ;  
But just the same, no one would care  
To make this truthful statement there.

Just why he wouldn't there's no need  
Of saying in this space ;  
Enough to say, that truth, though good,  
Is sometimes out of place ;  
And, notwithstanding speech is free,  
The wise man muzzles liberty.

But Texas is a wonder State ;  
It grows horned toads and things,  
And cattle which have horns so long  
They cut them into strings ;  
And spiders with such scads of hair,  
They make a football fiend look bare.

There counties grow to such extent  
That almost any State  
Could hide within their vastness and  
Stay there and vegetate ;  
And there the plains spread out so wide  
They haven't any other side.

Her rivers are tremendous things,  
At least so Texans state,  
Yet they must irrigate them, so  
Their boats can navigate ;  
And fish must leave the rivers' path  
And go to sea to get a bath.

A man once said that if he had  
(At least so I've heard tell)  
A residence in Texas and  
Another one in h—,  
He wouldn't live in Texas ; yet,  
He never said it there, you bet.

## CONSUL - GENERAL LEE'S REMARKS.

The Spaniards call Fitzhugh Lee a Yankee.—*Havana Despatch.*

“They say that I’m a Yankee:  
I have heard it many times,  
I have seen it in their papers,  
It is in their songs and rhymes ;  
I’m the Yankee Consul-General,  
I’m the Yankee who’s come down  
To steal the brightest jewel  
From the old Castilian crown.

“They say that I’m a Yankee :  
If I’d heard it in my youth,  
I might perhaps have questioned  
Its everlasting truth ;  
But now, I glory in it:  
It’s the landmark of my birth,  
And I’d rather be a Yankee  
Than anything on earth.

“They say that I’m a Yankee,  
And I’m glad to say I am ;  
A Yankee of the Yankees,  
And the man ain’t worth a—well,  
Who wouldn’t be a Yankee  
When the Banner is unfurled  
That has made the Yankee Nation  
The greatest of the world?

“They say that I’m a Yankee.  
Virginians, can it be  
That history will mention  
The Yankee, Fitzhugh Lee?  
I hope so ; and, Virginians,  
Let all of us give thanks  
That now dear ol’ Virginny  
Is loaded full of Yanks.”

THE PASSING OF THE  
SUMMER GIRL.

Sit still, you throbbing heart!  
Sit still,  
Won't you?  
While yet the Summer Girl  
Sweeps swiftly out of sight!  
Not that she's not  
Out of sight,  
Every day in the year,  
But—  
That's another story!  
Oh, Summer Girl,  
Oh, fluttering vision  
Of the surfy shore!  
Oh, symphony  
In silken shapeliness!  
Oh, Skirted Swimmer  
Of the sounding seas!  
Oh, sweet resistless  
Naiad Queen of Neptune-land!  
Oh, Empress of the Tallyho!



Oh, Goddess of the  
White-winged yacht!  
Oh, Sorceress of the hillside inn!  
Oh, rare, pale  
Lily of the lakelet vale!  
Oh, Mystic Mountain Maid,  
Sunkissed in tan  
And roseate as the dawn!  
Oh, Hammocked Houri  
Of the halcyon days!  
Oh, goshelmity!  
Oh, Summer Girl,  
Why are you thus  
To be September squelched  
And leave the heart that thumps  
To throb on in its  
Throbfulness,  
With nothing, save  
The memory of a  
Glinting gleam of glory,  
To lean up against,  
Until next summer's sweet supply  
Comes into market?  
Oh, dim, delicious dream!  
Oh, darn the luck!  
Oh, Summer Girl,  
Au revoir!  
Oh, mamma!

## MILK AND MUSIC.

Prof. McConnell told the Eastern Counties' Dairy Farmers at their annual dinner a few days ago, that "music suitable in quality and administered at the right moment is a never-failing means of increasing the supply of cream."—*The Sun*.

We hail thee, Prof.  
Nor do we scoff  
At what you rise to tell us ;  
Because we feel  
That gods reveal  
Strange things to those who're zealous.

We love to think  
The milk-white drink,  
The cow gives of her treasures,  
Is changed somehow,  
Despite the cow,  
By lovely Lydian measures.

The statement, which  
You make, is rich  
In knowledge that enthuses ;  
Your fame can't fade  
Since you have made  
Milkmaids of all the Muses.

You've made of Pan,  
The goat-leg man  
Whose musical endeavor  
Was piping hot  
In wood or grot,  
A Pan of milk forever.

These things are plain  
And much we gain  
By your profound researches,  
But something more  
From out your store  
We want by gift or purchase.

We know that what  
You know is not  
What may not be relied on,  
And you no doubt  
Have heard about  
The tune the old cow died on?

We do not care  
To know the air,  
As millions have before us;  
Nor do we, sir,  
Ask if it were  
A solo or a chorus.

But, tell us now,  
Did not that cow  
Succumb with sigh and sputter  
Because some maid  
Just played and played  
To make her give pure butter?

## THE ONE MAN POWER.

He stands where the tumbling waves can't reach  
His snow white shoes on the snow white beach.

He stands where the tumbling waves can't reach  
His sun red feet on a sun white beach.

He walks in the promenade at eve,  
And the maidens weep lest he should leave.

He looks at the dance and turns away,  
Because it makes him too tired to stay.

When he goes to his various meals he hurls  
His declinations at a dozen girls.

When he swings in a hammock half asleep,  
The girls hang round him three feet deep.

He moves about in a kingly way,  
And who can blame him if he should say:

*"I am the only pebble on the beach!"*

He stands where the mountain rears its top  
To the bowl of heaven, whence the new stars drop.

He moves 'midst the moss-grown rocks and rills  
And gives no heed to the ladies' wills.

He leads the German through figures fine,  
And all his followers are feminine.

He owns the earth in whole and part,  
And each day breaks some maiden's heart.

He's monarch of all he surveys, and proud  
To stand on the summits and cry aloud:

*"There are no others!"*

## THE EXCELSIORIC UMPIRE.

The crowd was gathering thick and fast  
As from the outside inside passed  
A man who stood up, strong and proud,  
And in a brave voice shouted loud,  
“Play ball !”

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that well-known tongue ;  
“One strike!”

In many an eye he saw the light  
That warned him how to shape the fight ;  
Beyond, the spectral bleachers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan ;  
“One ball!”





THE THIRD PARTY  
DRIVES UP.

I am the Third Party!  
Git on to my style  
Will you?  
And my trimmin's?  
By Gravy,  
I don't wear no socks,  
And my galluses is  
Fastened with a lynchpin.  
But I'm cuttin'  
A wide swath  
Right down the middle of the road,  
And they can't head  
Me off,  
Nohow!  
Mebbie I *am* a sort of  
A Farmers'-Alliance-Citizens'-  
Alliance-Knights-of-Labor-  
National-Industrial-Anti-  
Monopoly-Single-Tax-

Prohibition-Woman-Suffrage-  
Greenback-Free-Silver-  
Potato-Currency-Socialistic-  
Grand-Old-People's party ;  
But what if I am?  
What are they goin'  
To do about it?  
That's what!  
By Zucks! I have come  
To stay.  
And no razor-back Democrat,  
Nor slab-sided Republican,  
Nor ring-nose Mugwump  
Kin root me out!  
I'm a forty acre field,  
That you kin raise anything on  
From a mortgage  
To a bale of hay.  
With a wagon load  
Of dressin' throwed in,  
And I don't give a durn  
Who knows it!  
I kin grub up a stump,  
In two shakes of a lamb's tail,  
And the old political  
Stumps has got to come,  
Ef I bust a britchin'

Doin' of it !  
You hear me !  
Mebbe my clo's *don't* fit,  
And my cow-leather brogans  
Hain't got no shine  
On to 'em,  
But that won't stop  
Ther kickin'!  
And brains ain't  
In that eend  
Neither !  
All the American Eagle  
Has got to do in this business  
Is to set quiet on the fence  
And watch my  
Thrashin' machine go,  
When that off mule  
Gits done scratchin'  
His back up agin the fence !  
Hand me that whip !  
Gimme them lines !  
Now !!  
Wo-haw !  
Jeewillikins !  
Gosh-all-hemlock !

## LABOR DAY, 1900.

I am Labor,  
And not only is this day mine,  
But all days.  
The world began by Labor,  
And God,  
Its Mighty Maker,  
Is the Infinite Laborer,  
The same  
Yesterday, to-day and forever.  
As by Labor  
He made all things,  
So by Labor  
Do His creatures live ;  
And rest  
Is death.  
Man is the master of the world,  
And I, the master of the man.  
I bend my neck to his yoke  
And I bear his burdens ;  
I am his hewer of wood

And his drawer of water ;  
He commands  
And I obey.  
But not with slave's obedience.  
I am the greater  
Submitting to the less.  
Man chains the elements  
And drives them  
By their will,  
Not his.  
I serve  
When I may be so willed ;  
But when I rule,  
I am a master and a tyrant then  
That overthrows all order,  
Crushes men,  
Starves helpless little ones,  
Wrecks homes,  
And ruthlessly tears down  
All I have builded up.  
Unreasoning  
I run my course,  
And wearied with myself  
And by myself,  
I yield again.  
I am a passion  
And a punishment ;

A fire  
That licks its own self up ;  
A flood  
That sweeps itself into the sea ;  
An element unchained,  
Man drives by its own will,  
Not his,  
When by its will  
He has it chained again.  
I have no master save myself,  
Yet am so good a slave  
I am content  
With such bad mastery.  
This day is mine,  
And honors shown to me to-day  
Are not less mine  
On other days.  
I overcome all things  
Except myself,  
And crown all things.  
I am the solace  
And the substance of the world ;  
Man finds forgetfulness in me,  
And by me come the things  
That never are forgot ;  
Earth's progress  
And its plentitude.

Its purpose  
And its happiness,  
Its glory  
And its majesty.  
While Labor is  
So is the world,  
And when I cease to be  
The end must come  
To Maker and to made.

A S A G E O F C H I C A G O  
R E M A R K S .

We have struck the nude in Art  
    In Chicago ;  
And it gives the folks a start  
    In Chicago ;  
But you bet your life we'll show  
Everybody that we know  
What's the style on Baldhead row,  
    In Chicago.

There's some less Art than Pork,  
    In Chicago ;  
We do not ape New York,  
    In Chicago ;  
But we get there just the same,  
For in Art we're known to fame,  
And the classic is our game,  
    In Chicago.



It is said that we are crude  
In Chicago;  
That we're not up to the nude,  
In Chicago;  
Well, they've simply slipped a cog,  
They are off their dialogue,  
They should see a well-scraped hog,  
In Chicago.

And the hog we think can shine  
In Chicago,  
With the human form divine,  
In Chicago.  
Yet we're willing quite to hear  
What to do, so's not to queer  
The Apollo Belvedere  
In Chicago.

And if Venus wants to come  
To Chicago,  
And to feel herself at home  
In Chicago,  
We have only this to say:  
She can come right here and stay,  
And we'll learn to dress her way,  
In Chicago.

We are worshippers of Art  
In Chicago,  
We will always do our part  
In Chicago;  
And, as we want the best,  
Why, the nude goes with the rest,  
As our hogs go, when they're dressed,  
In Chicago.

## RESPONSE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Shall we drift as we are drifting, into the vortex?—General Patrick Collins of Boston, September, 1900.

Never, General,  
Never, never,  
If we drift  
And drift forever.  
True,  
We may drift,  
As we are drifting,  
And perhaps it isn't so worse to drift,  
Seeing that while we drift  
We don't have to  
Keep a full head of steam on,  
And steam costs money;  
But ere we reach the vortex, General,  
Ere we take the final shoot,  
We will stop our drifting, General,  
And jump off and grab a root.  
Then, O questioner

Of the ages,  
Puzzler of the primal sages,  
We will make the Ship of State  
Fast to the bank,  
And, carefully  
Approaching the vortex,  
We will nab it  
By the scuff of the neck  
And the seat of the pants,  
And yank it  
Clean out of its hole.  
Yank it out bodily, General,  
And having it  
Where we can get at it right,  
We will, as the Assyrian of old  
That came down like a wolf on the fold,  
Proceed to render it  
Utterly and permanently  
Unfit for business  
By plugging it up so tight  
You couldn't drive  
An X-ray through it  
With a forty horse power  
Steam hammer.  
To know us in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,  
You'd scarce suspect it, would you, Pat,

We'd do a vortex up like that?  
And yet  
We would ;  
Indeed we would.  
And when we had it thoroughly plugged,  
Making it a devortexed vortex,  
So to speak,  
We'd shove it back  
Into its hole again ;  
And over the spot where the vortex  
Formerly brandished its tail  
And pawed and cavorted  
And gyrated and snorted,  
The Ship of State will sail  
With never a jar you could feel  
From the tip of her mast to her keel,  
Resplendent in her glory,  
Fit theme of song and story.  
Sail on  
Oh Ship of State,  
Sail on ;  
And, General,  
When you're not busy,  
Please trot out another vortex ;  
We've got plugs a-plenty.

## SCHOOL BEGINS.

Wow !  
Ten million " Wows "  
Or more,  
Rise o'er the land  
From mouths  
Which since the end of June  
Have known but smiles  
And joyous shouts  
And howls and yells  
To wake the dead.  
Oh youngsters,  
You are up against it, sure ;  
You know the gall  
Of government  
Without the consent of the governed,  
And we tender you  
Our earnest sympathy.  
September is a slob,  
That's what it is,  
Or it would never loose the key

To lock the fetters on your limbs  
And give your brains  
A chance to boom  
When all outdoors  
Is full of sunshine  
And of fun.  
What's brains to you  
When all you want is room and time  
To let your bodies have full sway?  
The grown-up folks may feel the need  
Of books and brains  
Because  
They're all played out,  
But you  
Are not that kind ;  
Your work and world and wisdom  
Call for different stuff.  
If it were so  
That two times two were hopscotch,  
And two into eight went fishing,  
Or d-o-g spelled " ball,"  
Or Geography were a description of the  
Earth's swimming holes,  
Or Grammar were the study of the parts  
Of a kite,  
How much more gladly would you seek  
True wisdom

In the school-house walls.  
Or if the young idea were taught to shoot  
With a shotgun,  
How silently you'd "Wow" —  
When sad September  
Shoved you into school.  
The grown folks ought to go to school  
Because they do not like to play.  
And you, who do,  
Should be let run  
Until you, too, have grown beyond  
The playing age  
To find the need,  
As they have,  
Of what is taught in school—  
Ain't that so?



## C O M M O D O R E   C A N N O N.

Otherwise Representative Cannon, of Illinois, one time member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs.

Once on a time Joe Cannon went  
From Washington to Norfolk,  
To see a battle-ship just then  
Much talked about by war-folk.

He went by water, on a boat,  
And all the way kept talking  
Of everything about a ship  
From mizzentop to calking.

In fact the crowd, who heard him talk,  
And listened as he ran on,  
Thought him an expert, and they called  
Him Commodore Cannon.

And it was wonderful to hear  
The language he paraded,  
To show the lumbering landsmen he  
Knew so much more than they did.

He talked of bowsprits on the poop,  
Of top-sails on the starboard,  
Of jib-booms on the rudder post,  
And yard-arms on the larboard.

Indeed, there wasn't anything  
He didn't seem to know of,  
And in accordance with himself,  
It followed he would blow of.

Arrived betimes upon the scene  
He went aboard the cruiser,  
And told the Admiral on deck,  
Just how he ought to use her.

At last he saw a hatchway, and  
For something like a minute,  
He stood beside its open mouth  
And peered profoundly in it.

And then he tried, but quite in vain,  
His wild surprise to swallow,  
And straightening up he cried aghast :  
“Good Lord, this ship is hollow.”

And this is why the naval crowd,  
And likewise all the war-folk,  
Are calling him the Commodore,  
Since he came back from Norfolk.

## THE NEW YORK POLICE ON PARADE.

Hail blue-clad Guardian of the Peace,  
Fit figure for Praxiteles,  
Or any ancient sculptor who  
Had nerve enough to tackle you.  
You're a bird,  
A hot bird  
With a cold night stick,  
And vice and crime and everything  
At your approach takes sudden wing.  
Oh Cop! If one of you is great,  
What are you in the aggregate?  
Five thousand strong,  
A dazzling throng,  
As you march along;  
You're simply grand,  
The very finest in this land,  
Or any other,  
B'gosh!  
No knights of old

Or warriors bold  
Were half as warm  
As you are in your uniform,  
We point at you with pride, we do,  
From Ballywack to Ballyhoo,  
And as we gaze on you we know  
We're safe from every kind of foe;  
The man who sells us demon rum,  
When Sunday with its rest has come,  
The cuss who wins our confidence,  
The lulling fiend who dopes our sense,  
The burglar who breaks in to steal,  
The butch' who sells us early veal,  
The cow that gives down Croton milk,  
The shark whose business is to bilk,  
The gentleman who runs a game,  
The glad-hand chap who knows our name,  
The modest cabman charging what  
Is pretty sure to swipe the pot,  
And forty dozen others who  
Turn pale and tall at sight of you.  
Oh Cop!  
You've got the drop  
On crime;  
And vice will climb  
A tree  
Rather than go up against thee,

Behold, Oh, G. O. P. !  
(Guardian Of the Peace, in other words)  
The thousands and 10s of 1000s  
Who come forth in gala attire  
To feast their hungry eyes  
Upon your manly beauty on exhibition ;  
List to the melodious measures of music  
Tooting their martial strains  
In your honor ;  
See the flags flying,  
The pennants and the banners ;  
Hear the loud hosannas  
Of congregated, cheering citizens,  
And swell up with pride,  
But don't bust wide open  
In your triumphant elation.  
We can stand the town being wide open,  
And rather like it,  
But a wide open policeman  
Is too different.  
Throw out your chests,  
Hold up your chins,  
Pull down your vests,  
Stick out your shins  
In one two order ; left, left, left ;  
What would we be were we bereft  
Of you, Oh sleepless watcher that

Most always knows where you are at,  
And also knows  
A lot of other things than those,  
And never says a word.  
You are a bird all right,  
But not a parrot by a d. s.  
Gee whiz!  
What a fearful and wonderful thing  
A policeman is.  
However, Cop,  
We must stop,  
But as for you:  
Go ahn,  
Go ahn, now;  
See?

THE LANGUAGE OF  
PROGRESS.

On the other hand, we may be sure that the United States will enter the struggle with that pertinacious energy which is one of the standing evidences of the community of blood, origin, and temper with ourselves.  
—*London Times.*

Ay, there, ye Englishmen who know  
The temper of our kind,  
It is not meant that we who go  
Should fail or fall behind;  
There is that in the common blood  
Which cannot be misunderstood,  
And shows to them not blind.

We stand for progress ; in the light  
Of modern things we make  
No cruel, conquest-seeking fight,  
But fearlessly we take  
The cause of Cuba as our own,  
And setting it against a throne,  
Ask justice—that alone.

In other times the tyrant might  
Nay, did, assert that he  
Held by divinity the right  
To let no man be free  
Except himself; and his command  
Was God and law to all his land  
And outward to his sea.

But these are new times; in the years  
Now come, a gospel-song  
Has sung away the law, and tears  
Are shed no more, and wrong  
Has given place to justice, and  
A fetterless and firm-set hand  
Moves all the world along.

And hearken, Englishmen, the song  
That sets the right above the wrong  
Is writ in English, good and strong,  
In simple English, strong and good,  
That cannot be misunderstood.



COUNT WALDERSEE'S  
COMMAND.*Uncle Sam to Kaiser William.*

Your Majesty, herewith accept  
My cordial unity  
With you, in placing in command  
Your own Count Waldersee ;

A soldier, brave as ever led  
The soldiers of his land ;  
A General, fit in every way  
To take supreme command.

The Allies, in a common cause  
And led by Waldersee,  
Will pile the ground with China's slain,  
And march to victory.

---

*Uncle Sam to His Own People.*

Say, Friends and Fellow Citizens,  
I've just sent word to Bill  
That Waldersee as Allied Boss  
Will suit us fit to kill.

I've given him a lively graft,  
A kind of pipey dream,  
About the Count and how well fixed  
He is to be supreme.

He'll have command of all our troops,  
But all the others, too ;  
And all the Allies must obey  
And do as he says do.

But don't let that bother you, my friends,  
He's not so darned supreme  
In running things out there to suit  
Himself, as it would seem.

Of course the Kaiser thinks he is,  
And maybe he does, too,  
But that's no sign, as you will see,  
When I explain to you.

The fact is, gents, we rule the roost,  
I mean Americans,  
And though Count Waldie is on deck  
He doesn't shape his plans.

Because, by Zucks ! he's got a wife,  
A lady, too, of birth ;  
And was there ever married man  
Who wholly owned the earth ?

I guess not ; and that wife of his  
Was born in Yankee land,  
And though he wears the epaulets  
She's in supreme command.

In other words, while it might seem  
The Germans are on top,  
The really truly fact is that  
The Yankees have the drop.

Which shows you, fellow citizens,  
That as a diplomat,  
And soldier, too, your Uncle Sam  
Knows just where he is at.

## THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Upon the tropic sea  
The soft October night lay silently  
And one by one the little stars  
Shot silver bars  
Across the glassy greenness of the deep,  
Lying in long, low, lazy rolls asleep ;  
Around the limitless expanse  
Of sea and sky  
The twinkling lights and shadows fly  
And dance,  
And hide again till every spark  
Is hidden in the dark.  
Like sceptres floating in the air,  
Wings idly flapping, and their spare  
Arms stretched to find  
What they had left the world behind  
To search for, stood  
Three ships that made the solitude

More lonely ; they  
Had lost their way  
Amid those sapphire seas  
And every gentle breeze  
Was as a fierce, insatiate gale  
To sweep them far beyond the pale  
Of earthly knowledge, and  
To wreck them in some unknown land.  
Men paced the decks affrighted ; they  
Had trembled when the light of day  
Went out, and night  
Came with its gruesome light  
To bring them ghosts  
From dead men's coasts,  
And shores on which had trod  
Only the foot of God.  
And terror seized them ; sore afraid,  
They cursed sometimes  
And sometimes prayed,  
But never stayed  
Their onward course.  
A force,  
Greater than all their power,  
Hour after hour  
Held each one to his quest,  
Onward, still onward to the West !  
Columbus, he

The Monarch of the Sea  
On this October night  
In the dim light  
Of his cabin sat still  
As Fate, then with that masterful will  
Of his, he rose and in a loud,  
Commanding voice, to the crowd  
Of superstitious sailors on the deck  
He said : "By Zucks  
If some of you fellows  
Don't discover America  
P d q  
I'll do it myself!  
See ?"  
And the next day  
It was  
Discovered !  
Hurrah for Chris !

## T H A N K S G I V I N G .

Thanks !

Not such as swept along  
By the full tide of power,  
The conqueror leads  
To crimson glory and undying fame,  
But earnest, unaffected,  
Plain, old-fashioned  
Thanks,  
Warranted heart wide  
And all gratitude,  
Thanks for that common possession  
Most folks forget to think of  
When they go grunting around,  
Grumbling and complaining  
And kicking at  
The Good Lord,  
To-wit:  
Life !  
Just ordinary living life,

With a blue sky above us,  
And a glad, green earth  
Under our feet ;  
With friends enough left over  
To send cheerily back to us  
The greetings we give to them  
With each new day.  
Isn't that a whole lot  
To be thankful for ?  
What if we don't own the earth  
And keep a back yard full of stars,  
And ride to business in our own  
Private car,  
And eat pie  
Twenty-one times a week,  
With turkey and celery and oysters  
On the side ;  
Or never have an ache or pain,  
Or never know what sorrow is,  
Or never walk in the shadow,  
Or never carry a heavy heart,  
Or never kiss cold lips,  
Or never shed a scalding tear,  
Or never know what disappointment is,  
Or never feel the chill of poverty,  
Or never have a friend betray,  
Or never get a thousand million things



We think we ought to have !  
Who are we that we  
Should refuse to return  
Thanks to a Beneficent Being,  
Because we don't have  
Everything we want,  
And a thousand things  
That a thousand people  
Just as good as we are, don't have ?  
We ought to be thankful  
We are not that kind !  
And if we were that kind,  
We ought to be thankful that  
Time is still allowed us  
In which we may reform  
And depart from the error of our ways.  
And life is only one  
Of the many things we ought to be  
Thankful for !  
Why, friends and fellow travelers  
Toward the Final Accomplishment,  
A list of the things we may be  
Thankful for  
Reaches from the cradle to the grave  
And unrolls itself on the  
Green fields of eternal glory.  
Therefore, on this

Thanksgiving Day,  
Let us all give thanks heartily,  
And if we can't do it heartily,  
Let us do it as heartily as we can,  
Let us thank the Good Lord  
For what we are,  
And be twice as thankful  
For what we are not,  
For all of us sincerely hope  
That we are not as bad as we might be,  
And we would not thank anybody  
Who would say we were.  
So now around the cheerful board,  
Let all of us in full accord  
Give grateful thanks unto the Lord—  
A very kind and gracious Lord,  
Who gives us more than our reward.

TO THE LV<sup>TH</sup> CONGRESS.

Oh, Congress, in your  
Hours of ease,  
Do something,  
If you please, to please  
And show us that  
Our confidence  
In you, which always  
Is immense,  
Is not misplaced.  
Those trivial things,  
Finance and laws  
For revenue, need scarcely  
Cause  
You great concern.  
The question, which  
Will make the country  
Great and rich,  
Is to your action  
Wholly new,  
And unconsidered

Hitherto.  
It deals in futures ;  
Shall we take  
And hold for good  
The wondrous stake  
That we have won,  
By blood and pain,  
From withered, wizened,  
Wretched Spain ?  
Shall we, who stand  
For newer things,  
For all that God-sent  
Freedom brings,  
For equal rights,  
For human weal,  
For nobler aims,  
For laws that heal  
The wounds of tyrants,  
And for what  
In all essentials  
Spain was not—  
Say, Legislators,  
Say, shall we  
Shirk this  
Responsibility,  
And helpless leave  
The millions who

Have come to us,  
And look to you  
For that which they  
Can hope to have  
No other way?  
Are we to falter  
In the trust  
Imposed upon us?  
Shall the lust  
And greed of tyrants  
Be not stayed  
By sacrifices  
We have made?  
These are the questions:  
Shall we take  
And hold for good  
The wondrous stake?  
And holding it  
Add to our land  
A glory that shall  
Make it grand,  
As other nations  
Are not? We  
Give to the people  
Liberty.  
This is our duty  
To the world;

For this our Flag  
Was first unfurled.  
Now shall it float,  
The Freedom's Flag,  
Or hang, a limp,  
Dishonored rag?

## MERRY CHRISTMAS.

And Christmas!  
What a day it is,  
With earth and air full of the fizz  
And sparkle of champagne;  
And yet a better thing than that,  
For all may take it,  
Free as air,  
When Christmas cheer is everywhere,  
Not quite as much to some,  
Perhaps,  
As unto others; not all of us  
May have the "snaps"  
Of this good world of ours;  
And yet, he is unworthy who will let  
The shadows fall on him  
Or his,  
When Christmas time is what it is,  
And loses much of happiness,  
Because it happens he has less  
Than others have. Gadzooks! Perhaps

They'd like the chance to swap their "snaps"  
For his; and glad could they arrange  
With this same coveter to change.  
But even they should not repine;  
The rich may let their treasure shine  
So that although their lot be sad,  
They may be able to make glad  
Those less unhappy; those—but why  
Bring in the semblance of a sigh  
To mar the Christmas song?  
At Christmas there is nothing wrong;  
An ache, a debt, a heavy heart  
Must be considered as a part  
Of Christmas time; a spot to make  
The light a brighter radiance take.  
There is enough for all; God gives  
To every human thing that lives,  
Some chance at gladness; something to  
Transfer in His own way the blue  
That's in your lives into your sky  
Till every heavy cloud rolls by;  
And Christmas is the time. Come all  
Look up, look up; there is no pall  
Of gray  
And blackness hung to-day  
Above the Merry Christmas way,  
For in your hearts must roses bloom



In Christmas color and perfume.  
Divide your blessings and your cares,  
Give half of yours ; take half of theirs ;  
Forget the rest. What odds if, what  
You think you want, you haven't got!  
There may be others ; can it be  
In this you have no company?  
Ah, no, a million others would  
Be something other if they could.  
But let that go ; there's plenty yet  
To make you happy and forget.  
Brace up, stand up, look up, and cheer  
For Christmas—one time of the year  
When merry bells shall gayly ring  
And all the world shall laugh and sing.

## THE SUPERFLUOUS SPEAK.

There are 25,000 more women than men in Greater New York.  
—*Census, 1900.*

Well,  
We don't care ;  
Men are horrid things anyway.  
And the more of us  
The better.  
How good it is  
To know that we  
Are always heart-whole.  
Fancy free.  
No galling chain  
Of wedded bliss  
Can bring us such  
Delight as this.  
We are perfectly independent,  
And what's ours  
Is ours.  
And just to think ;  
It isn't until we are out of school,

Or our older sisters  
Are married off,  
Or somebody with money  
Comes along,  
But forever and ever and ever.  
Oh, joy beyond expressing,  
Oh, bliss, serene,  
Of wandering in meadows  
Of everlasting green.  
Ours is a protracted season  
Of perpetual peace,  
With never a sock to darn,  
Never a shirt to mend,  
Never a man to sit up for  
Till 3 A. M.  
Never a cent to beg for,  
Never a husband to thank,  
Never a cook to plead with,  
Never a baby to spank.  
Isn't it perfectly grand?  
Spinsters by right of birth,  
We are the only real  
Birds of Freedom,  
And we rise and scream  
In a manner that makes  
The Eagle's feathers curl,  
And lifts the Starry Banner of the Free,

Clean off the end of the flag-pole.  
We are the stuff  
That new women are made of,  
And although we do not vote,  
Or wear whiskers,  
&c.,  
We yield our necks  
To the yoke of no tyrant man,  
And we acknowledge no superiors  
No lords of creation.  
As run the rivers to the sea  
Through placid fields that lie  
Along their cool and quiet banks  
Beneath a restful sky ;  
As peaceful as the patient stars  
That light the sleeping skies,  
Our lives, as undisturbed as they,  
Move on to Paradise,  
Where, according to  
The Good Book,  
There is no marrying  
Or giving in marriage,  
And then whose turn will it be  
To give somebody  
The everlasting ha ha ?  
So there.

## THE CIGARETTE.

I'm a modest cigarette,  
Just a little thing, and yet  
    They  
    Hold me up  
    To the indignation  
    Of the world  
    As a crime  
    Unwhipt of justice;  
And they punch me in the slats  
'Cause the nice young man in spats  
    Treads  
    The primrose path  
    Of dalliance  
    With me,  
    Breathing  
    My lotus-lulling fragrance  
    Through his immature  
    Lungs and  
    Lights and  
    Liver,  
    And congesting  
    His delicate mucous membrane  
    And his sensitive bronchial tissues  
    With my inhalations;  
Which is not my fault of course,

When he coughs and shows up hoarse,  
Because  
If he smokes me,  
It is my bounden duty  
To return the compliment  
By smoking him.

Then they slug me without ruth,  
Saying I corrupt the youth  
Of the lowly and the highly kind the same.  
And they say I have a smell

Which is something worse than—well,  
I'm not bad enough to mention such a name.  
Furthermore,  
I am charged with  
High crimes and misdemeanors,  
From color-blindness  
To locomotor ataxia,  
From pipes  
To paresis.

And they jump on me like sin,  
And they call the lawyers in;  
But, darn it all,  
I ain't to blame,  
Am I?  
They don't have to  
Smoke me  
Unless they want to,  
Do they?  
Confound them,

They begin it,  
Don't they?  
I'm a little cigarette,  
Very little, and I'll let  
Them alone  
If they'll  
Let me alone;  
But  
If they fire me up, you bet  
They will find a cigarette,  
In the course of time, will get  
The best of them—and yet  
It is not the cigarette  
That  
Is raising  
All the row,  
Is it?

## TO CRESCUS.

Whoa, there !

Flight of meteor through the air,  
Vision of hoof and hide and hair  
And mane and tail and stretching neck ;  
Making the old-time record a wreck.

Whoa, there !

Spirit of Speed on steel-shod wings,  
Flashing around the trotting rings,  
Putting the mile behind so fast,  
Only a streak is seen go past  
From start to finish under the wire,  
With scarcely effort enough to tire.

Whoa, there !

Boss of the whole hoss host  
Pride of the turf and the breeders' boast ;  
Sample of swiftness and king of the track,  
Paragon of the crackajack,  
Model of wind and bottom, too,  
The Incarnation of P. D. Q.,

Whoa, there !

Gol-dern you,  
Whoa, there !

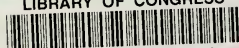








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